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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / APRIL 1966



Joseph of Arimathea
With the Body of Christ

Sculpture by Charles C. Parks

Hockessin Methodist Church
Hockessin, Delaware



Scholars hold differing theories about the uses of the little bronze crosses. One is that their owners wore them as protective amulets.

Relics collected at Drew University tell modern scholars of an ancient missionary church that spread Christianity across Asia.

NESTORIAN

AT METHODIST-RELATED Drew University in Madison, N.J., a collection of bronze crosses bears mute testimony to the existence of a Christian church that was flourishing in Asia at the time when Anglo-Saxons were first hearing of Christianity.

Nestorian Christianity, which spread eastward from Syria and Persia, drew its name from Nestorius, a patriarch of Constantinople who was deposed for heresy by the Council of Ephesus in A.D. 431. He refused to accept Mary as "the mother of God," although he acknowledged her as "the mother of Christ."

Nestorians carried the Word of Christ along the great silk route across China, and down into southern India. They

Some scholars believe the crosses were worn as religious emblems. Others think they were used by the Mongols to stamp mud seals on the doors of their homes while they were away.



The ubiquitous swastika symbol appears on one of the crosses held by Robert J. Bull, Drew professor of church history.

CROSSES

may have numbered 80 million at their peak. This first great age of the Nestorians in China was during the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-907). Today only relics, tombs, a monument, and scattered writings preserve its memory. The crosses at Drew, collected by the late Dr. Mark W. Brown, a missionary in north central China, date from the Yuan Dynasty (A.D. 1260-1368), the second and last great age of the Nestorian Church in China.

Some 250,000 Nestorians survive today in the Middle East, Russia, and India—and in the U.S. with 3,200 adherents in 10 churches. The church today is known as the Holy Apostolic and Catholic Church of the East and Assyrians.

—HELEN JOHNSON

Details of these enigmatic little crosses include concentric circles, symbolic of the Trinity, conventionalized birds and fish. Anchors, lighthouses, chalices, iotas, and thetas have been found on other Nestorian crosses.



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God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together®

For Methodist Families / April 1966

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In Wood: Joseph Carrying Christ.

After-Hour Jottings . . . Here is the story behind **this month's cover**:

"When it was evening, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who also was a disciple of Jesus. He went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate ordered it to be given to him. And Joseph took the body, and wrapped it in a clean linen shroud, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb, and departed." (Matthew 27:57-60.)

The sad but imposing figure of Joseph, holding the body of the crucified Jesus, rises above the entrance of the new Methodist church at Hockessin, Del., near Wilmington. Larger than life, the figures are fashioned in welded steel by sculptor **Charles C. Parks**, a Hockessin resident whose work is receiving wider acclaim each year.

Pastor of the church is the Rev. **John**
(Continued on page 4)

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JOTTINGS / (Continued from page 3)

W. Simpers, Jr., who tells us the welded-steel figures on the exterior wall stand back to back with a smaller version of the same work, done in Brazilian mahogany, on the interior wall. Since the congregation occupied the new building last June, many passersby have stopped to photograph *Joseph of Arimathea With the Body of Christ* which took Mr. Parks some six months to complete. In the case of welded steel, the sculptor works with an acetylene torch, but he is at home also in bronze, plaster, wood, fiber glass, and terra-cotta. In addition to his sculptures in religious themes, he has done a number of busts and life-sized figures of prominent Wilmington personalities.

Perhaps the most frequent contributor of photographs to these pages, other than TOGETHER's staff photographer, is a globe-trotting gentleman of Japanese de-



Toge Fujihira: On African location.

scent named **Toge Fujihira**. For more than 20 years, he has traveled the world to record its changing scenes for the Methodist Board of Missions, either as a member of the staff or in a free-lance capacity.

When we assigned Toge to photograph the **James Bragoniers** and their work as Peace Corps Volunteers [see page 38], we also asked him to tell us something about himself. Well, when he isn't traveling, he's at home in Roslyn Heights, N.Y. He is the father of two teen-agers, a member of Roslyn Methodist Church, and a hobbyist who collects masks (religious, ceremonial, dance, and drama).

"In all my travels, I find that people everywhere are pretty much alike," Toge says. "If you treat them as you would like to be treated, they will do the same for you."

Although Mr. Fujihira is obviously of Japanese descent—obvious if you happen to know it already—he never knows what impression he will make on those who don't know it.

"In addition to being taken for all the different Oriental races," he says, "I have been identified as Italian, Spanish, French, Filipino, and many others."

"Once, while I was taking a picture of an American Indian girl in costume, a tourist asked me if it would be all right for him to photograph 'my daughter.' At the Vellore Medical College in India, an Indian doctor said he thought I was a native of north India. An Eskimo woman

told me I looked like one of them.

"In a jungle village, Liberians cast glances my way and talked in excited whispers. Finally, one of them came up to me and asked, 'What are you?' in Liberian English. He said I didn't look like them, and I didn't look like the white missionaries, yet I spoke like them.

"I told him that I was an American and that America was made up of people of all races. He went back to his group to explain my answer. They all nodded assent, and I was accepted.

"Many times, I'm with Christian groups in different parts of the world. I can't communicate with them because I don't know their language. . . . But we have one common bond. We believe in Christ and, as one Christian to another, I'm accepted wherever I go."

Another gadabout among our contributors this month is Mrs. **Rebecca Burris**, author of *It's Fun to Be 50!* [page 27]. We're personally glad to hear that life isn't exactly over at the half-century mark, for once it was pretty shocking and unbelievable to read that *Life Begins at Forty* as **Walter B. Pitkin** proclaimed in the title of his best seller, written when we were much younger than we are today. So Mrs. Burris has done Mr. Pitkin one (or should we say 10?) better.

Not only does this energetic lady do a lot of square dancing, her hobbies include roller-skating "almost every Saturday afternoon . . . along with 200 kiddies!" But traveling is in her blood:

"I have been to Hawaii, Canada, Mexico, Guatemala, and El Salvador . . . and all countries of Europe, except Scandinavia, and in 1960 took a trip around the world in a tramp freighter . . . wrote a book about it, but haven't been able to find anybody to publish it . . . I still want to go to Australia, New Zealand, and Scandinavia. . . ."

Even more peripatetic than Mrs. Burris herself is one of her articles titled *A Better World Begins With Me*. This appeared in TOGETHER in July, 1959 [page 45], after exciting much favorable comment when it was originally used in our sister publication, *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, August, 1956. It was picked up by the R. W. Fair Foundation of Tyler, Texas, for reprinting and distribution in booklet form. To date, more than 10 million free copies have been distributed. —Your Editors

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—George P. Miller • Page 4:38-39: 40—Toge Fujihira • 5—Methodist Prints • 8—RNS • 17—First Methodist Church, Oslo, Norway • 19—St. Peter's Methodist Church, Stockholm, Sweden • 20—Fred Runneberg • 21 L.—the Rev. M. Hilo Himeno, R.—Raymond W. Cripps • 22 Top—Marienberg Methodist Church, Marienberg, East Germany, Bot.—The Methodist Church, Florence, Italy • 34—United Church Observer • 44—Curtis Pepper from *Newsweek* • 55-56-57-58-59—Joe Covello, Black Star • 62—From *Heading for the Center of the Universe* by Chuck Sauer, courtesy Concordia Publishing House • 67 Top—Robert L. Sands, Bot.—M1 • Second Cover 1-18-24-31-52-60-61—George P. Miller.

Retrained Clergy and Laity:

A MUST For Urban Mission

ONE YEAR ago, the Methodist Board of Missions launched an ecumenical project in New York City to train clergy and lay churchmen for urban service. Called MUST (for Metropolitan Urban Service Training), the venture now is starting to help metropolitan churches discover and apply creative new approaches to serve the city's masses. The New York project, though ecumenical in approach, has a two-year grant of \$500,000 from the Methodist board as its chief financial support.

With the New York MUST barely in orbit, the board's National Division, at its recent annual meeting in Buck Hill Falls, Pa., sent up another urban training vehicle with a much larger payload. Bearing the same MUST acronym, the never proposed Methodist United Service and Training program calls for a massive \$5-million-a-year movement on a nationwide scale to enlist, train, and deploy ministers, seminarians, deaconesses, and laymen with skills for serving people in urbanized America. The entire Board of Missions endorsed this MUST II plan and requested the General Advance Committee to approve it as a General Advance Special. A decision on that request is expected soon.

Urbanization Everywhere: The traditional dividing line between the rural and the urban has been blurred by technology, communication, economic growth, and population mobility. Dr. Harold S. Huff, executive secretary of Town and Country Work in the board's National Division, points out that of the 67 million Americans who live in rural areas or in towns under 10,000 population, only about 22 million actually are in farming or farm-related enterprises. The remainder have strong ties to urban life through employment and other factors.

People who speak proudly of their proximity to the soil—away from the city's clatter, contamination, overcrowding, extremes of poverty and affluence, pluralism, and severe competition for limited amounts



Staffers Randolph Nugent (left), a Methodist minister, and Mrs. Billie Alban, consultant, chat with MUST director George W. Webber, a United Church of Christ minister, outside their headquarters.

of space, time, and human energy—depend heavily on metropolitan markets and manufactured goods, are influenced by big-city television, radio, and newspapers, and see their grandchildren grow up there.

Against this backdrop, retraining of both ministers and laymen becomes essential if the church is to fulfill its mission in a culture caught in a historic moment of relentless, sweeping, and rapid transition. "The church has always been in the midst of a changing order," reminds Dr. J. Edward Carothers, National Division chief and mastermind of the MUST project. "Since the pace of change will continue and probably increase, the church must accommodate itself to rapid change as a norm of life."

The new MUST program encompasses more than a dozen different channels of action and invites the co-operative participation of other Methodist boards and agencies. If approved, it will be financed by direct appeals to Methodist congregations, church groups, and individuals through the familiar Advance Special plan of missionary giving.

Plans and Budgets: Details of the project are envisioned as follows, with adjustments to be made as funds become available and as experience accumulates. The annual budget breakdown is preliminary and approximate:

- \$600,000 to establish in 10 cities "Lifeline" ministries to potential suicides and other persons in crisis—similar to those already operating in San Francisco, Dallas, and Washington, D.C.

- \$600,000 to initiate 10 experimental and pioneer confrontations, called "intersections," between the church and modern drama, music, and other arts.

- \$250,000 to support approaches to the inner city by teams from several Methodist boards. A similar team—with one staff member each from the Boards of Missions, Education, and Christian Social Concerns—has been conducting leadership-training schools for churchmen of Syracuse and Minneapolis.

- \$160,000 to help form and support 20 inner-city group ministries and larger parishes.

- \$720,000 to assist in developing special programs of urban training of the type already existing in experimental projects of The National Division working with seminaries.

- \$125,000 for 25 one-year internships in urban church situations for seminarians.

- \$500,000 for seminary scholarships to expedite the training of 50 potential leaders of Negro, Spanish-speaking, and Indian communities.

- \$400,000 to assist with training 200 deaconesses and other young persons for full-time urban service.

- \$500,000 to upgrade salaries of 500 inner-city and rural pastors.

- \$250,000 to support 50 co-ordinators of inner-city church work in as many cities.

- \$1,080,000 to recruit and provide adequate pay for 216 leaders with special skills needed to serve the urban church in these areas: 48 workers with children, 48 with teen-agers and youths, 48 with older youth/young adults, 24 with the elderly, and 48 workers with social-work and community-organization training.

- \$100,000 to enable National Division specialists to spend from two to six months in a series of communities, helping conference, district, and local churches develop church strategy and program.

In addition, \$250,000 is budgeted to undergird one half of the Metropolitan Urban Service Training program in New York beyond its first two years. Other denominations and agencies will be asked to provide the other half for the New York venture, which has an interdenominational board of directors and an interfaith staff headed by the Rev. George W. Webber, a United Church of Christ minister formerly with the East Harlem Protestant Parish.

Listening in New York: For the past year, this original MUST has been "listening in on the world" to cultivate metropolitan consciousness, building ties with existing "goodwill" structures, and developing a curriculum to train ministers and lay people in urban skills on the basis of emerging needs. Some embryo plans include: (1) Recruiting of 25 college graduates to work on Manhattan's lower east and west sides before moving on to a career or advanced college work; (2) asking 30 or 40 seminary students to take secular jobs while studying in the MUST program; (3) lining up college-student volunteers for a summer's study and work in New York; and (4) involvement of suburban women in inner-city service.

MUST can also pump lifeblood

into existing inner-city ministries which are anemic and struggling. Methodist churches are doing so many different things in so many far-flung places in the urban church field that no one Methodist can know all that is going on. Nearly all these projects, however, are money-starved and would benefit from a nationwide upsurge of concern for new styles of leadership.

In explaining the "umbilical cord" relationship between the two MUST projects, Dr. Carothers says, "Any possible confusion between the names is entirely deliberate." The National Division chief believes that confused inquiry is a good starting point for communication and understanding.

Located in a staging area where urban problems of every conceivable variety will be encountered, the New York MUST will serve to test certain techniques for the nationwide Methodist United Service and Training program. The timetable for the nationwide MUST calls for 1966 to be a year of study, mapping of strategy, and gradual cultivation of funds. Some of its phases will be operative by early next year; the rest should be underway by the end of 1967. Planners expect MUST's real momentum will begin to build by early 1968.

How to Serve? The impetus for both MUST projects springs from Methodism's none-too-early recognition of its urban mission responsibility and what Dr. Carothers calls a "general frustration" in the church with regard to lack of skills. "Pastors and lay people all over the country," he said, "are telling us they don't know *how* to serve the urban situation. They need training."

Because an undertaking such as MUST is radically experimental—a skeleton strategy that must be given life by churchmen who would create new structures and others committed to conserve the old—certain tensions must be expected and endured.

Marshalling support for the larger Methodist urban-training program presents a mammoth education and promotion task. Because of stereotyped images of what mission is, dollars to carry the Gospel to "pagan lands" probably come easier than funds to deal with slums rotting in the shade of nearby skyscrapers.

Metropolitan mission is widely conceded to be far too big for any one church or denomination. The New York MUST strategy takes this into account, and some think MUST II, its nationwide counterpart, needs this same kind of ecumenical muscle. "Once you commit your resources to an ecumenical project," says Dr. Carothers, "you have nearly insurmountable problems in telling the denomi-

nation that this is 'their' project. But somebody must make the first move."

But Dr. Carothers is not uneasy about obtaining financial resources for the national MUST. He staunchly believes Methodism "is more experimentally minded than we've ever been led to think."

New Directions: The frontiers of church mission are in the city, and the new missionary—whether in the American metropolis or abroad—must be trained as an agent of social, institutional, and theological change.

Methodists have more city churches than any other Protestant denomination, and by every measuring stick, Methodism belongs in the thick of things urban. □

Board of Missions Urges Red China Review

A resolution calling for a review of United States policy on Communist China and a thoroughgoing reevaluation of mission aims and priorities at home and overseas highlighted the Methodist Board of Missions annual meeting at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

After vigorous debate, board members urged President Johnson to establish a citizens' commission to re-study the present U.S. policy toward mainland China. The resolution cautioned that "the autonomy of the Republic of China in Taiwan must be fully recognized."

A separate resolution asked the government to study the possibility of permitting free travel between the U.S. and China, sale of food and other nonstrategic items to Red China through regular commercial channels, and cultural and student exchanges. It also asked for inclusion of Red China in negotiation on disarmament and nuclear weapons and for cooperation in technical matters such as exchange of information on food production, population control, and water development.

Underscoring priority concerns in her general secretary's report, Mrs. Porter Brown called attention to the serious shortage of full-time missionary specialists and a discouraging rate of attrition. She cited a need for better training procedures and more careful job assignment.

Among other high priority matters, Mrs. Brown listed: the building of more churches, not "cathedral types" but "functional chapels and fellowship buildings for a mission in mobility"; continued board support of civil rights, antipoverty, and peace education programs; encouragement and expansion of ecumenical dialogue with all faiths; and "closing the gap" between what is going on in the church's mission nationally and inter-



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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

nationally and what local churches understand of this.

Speaking for the board's World Division, Dr. Tracey K. Jones noted that missionary frontiers are increasingly of a specialist nature. For the year just ahead, he called for "radical upgrading" of the board's work in the university world and mass communication.

In other developments, the missions board adopted a budget of \$25 million for Methodist work, including \$13.5 million for overseas support and \$9.4 million for home missions.

Board members also endorsed a resolution on Rhodesia commending U.S. support of the oil embargo against the "illegal government" of Rhodesia and called on Great Britain to increase economic pressure against the Ian Smith regime.

In their meeting just prior to board sessions, the Woman's Division endorsed three major legislative issues expected to come before Congress this year: a personal security law to assure greater protection and justice for civil rights workers; strengthening of the Civil Rights Act, particularly in equal employment opportunity; and an increase in the national minimum wage to \$1.75 an hour. The Woman's Division appropriated almost \$11 million for home and overseas mission work.

Create Housing Agency

Acting in response to an already brewing housing revolution in which 180 million Americans are predicted to be living in 216 cities within 20 years, the Methodist Board of Missions has approved a venture in church-initiated, nonprofit housing.

The board's National Division recently authorized adding to its staff a specialist in housing. He will give counsel and encouragement to Methodist leaders in the development of nonprofit housing projects. Primary goals of the new program are to help provide "shelter for the nurture of family life" and to help develop racially and economically balanced communities.

Board of Missions leaders say the program does not envision expenditure of National Division funds directly in the housing field. Nonprofit housing projects are eligible to receive long-term loans from the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Housing and Home Finance Agency of the federal government.

Organize 100 Churches

One hundred new Methodist churches were organized during 1964-65, according to the denomination's Council on World Service and Finance in Evanston, Ill.

In addition, 13 churches that had been closed were reopened, 194 others closed their doors, and 214 merged with other Methodist churches or with other denominations—including 10 with Evangelical United Brethren churches, and 5 each with Presbyterian and United Church of Christ congregations.

Newly formed congregations were 23 less than the previous year and 37 less than 1962-63. Besides the property for the new churches, sites were purchased for another 90. Other sites obtained included 73 for relocation and 70 for enlargement of present facilities.

'Miss Student Nurse'

The 10th annual Miss Methodist Student Nurse, Bonnie Lou Muliolis,



Miss Muliolis

was presented during the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes Convention in Dallas.

The senior at Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn (N. Y.) school of nursing was chosen from 47

entrants, said Dr. Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary of the Board of Hospitals and Homes which sponsors the selection.

A native of Danbury, Conn., where she is a member of First Methodist Church, Miss Muliolis is student council president of the school of nursing.

Response to Youth Revolt

The Methodist Church must not turn its back on the dramatic revolt of today's youths on and off the college campus although most of these students and teen-agers are not within the influence sphere of churches.

Dr. Leon M. Adkins made the

point at the Methodist Board of Education's annual meeting in Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Adkins, nearly 70, will retire, effective August 1, as general secretary of the board's Division of the Local Church. He will be succeeded by Dr. Howard M. Ham, professor of religious education at Syracuse University.

Dr. Adkins went on to say that Methodists must "listen as well as speak," see students as allies, not threats, and must "learn to communicate acceptance and love to the disenfranchised and those who differ from the church's declared positions." He sees grave danger that "adult apathy will be imposed, in the guise of parental authority, upon young minds, at a time when controversial issues are more evident and more articulate."

A financial report revealed that in 1965 Methodists gave more than \$17.5 million to help support church-related colleges, universities, and Wesley Foundations—an increase of nearly \$642,000 over the previous year but still termed inadequate. In addition, \$514,527 went to Negro schools, and \$254,348 for student loans and scholarships.

Worship Convocation Set

Delegates to Methodism's first national Convocation on Worship will seek ways to improve approaches to worship at a meeting in Baltimore, Md., April 19-21, just prior to the bicentennial observance.

Sponsored by the Commission on Worship, the session will feature addresses and discussions on worship as related to church renewal, Christian unity, and the church's mission. Workshops will be held on the new *Book of Worship*, the new *Methodist Hymnal*, and fine arts in worship with special emphasis on architecture. Other seminars are designed for leaders of annual-conference and local-

New Methodist Congregations

The 10 new congregations below are among those constituted in 1965 and early 1966. Each is listed with charter date, organizing pastor, and membership.

Seminole, Fla.—Oakhurst Methodist Church, March 29, 1965. C. Edward Murfin, Jr.; 104 members.

Fayetteville, Ark.—Sequoyah Methodist Church, June, 1965. Arvest N. Lawson; 21 members.

Omaha, Nebr.—Aldersgate Methodist Church, June 20, 1965. K. Roy Bailey; 99 members.

Steinhatchee, Fla.—Steinhatchee Methodist Church, June 27, 1965. James H. McCall; 23 members.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Calvary Methodist Church, November, 1965. Alfred Watkins; 57 members.

Woodland Hills, Calif.—Wesley Methodist Church, November 7, 1965. James P. Rush; 40 members.

Richmond, Ind.—Faith Methodist Church, December 5, 1965. Allan K. Wilson; 59 members.

South Burlington, Vt.—First Methodist Church, December 5, 1965. Sherwood E. Carver; 112 members.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Wesley Methodist Church, January 9, 1966. Charles W. Millner; 39 members.

St. Paul, Minn.—Heritage Methodist Church, January 16, 1966. Frank DeCourcy; 29 members.

New Methodist congregations should be reported directly to the Rev. Charles D. Whittle, Board of Evangelism, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

church commissions. Bishop Lance Webb of Springfield, Ill., is national commission chairman.

Australian Church Merger

Delegates to the triennial General Conference of the Methodist Church of Australasia are expected to approve merger with the Presbyterian and Congregational churches at their meeting in Perth, Western Australia, in May. Last October, all Methodist annual conferences voted overwhelmingly in favor of the proposed union. Five of the conferences are in Australia, and three are in the Pacific islands of Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji.

Bolivian Methodism Grows

During 1965, The Methodist Church in Bolivia showed continued growth in membership and medical services.

The progress report was made at the annual session of Bolivia Methodist Conference held in Cochabamba. There was a 15 percent increase in membership (to more than 2,600) in comparison with an average of 1 percent in the United States during recent years. Nine new congregations were added for a total of 41.

Local (lay) preachers increased from 103 to 151; supply pastors from 18 to 44. Forty-three ministers are either full members of the Bolivia Conference or members on trial.

The number of hospitals tripled from one to three. Pfeiffer Memorial Hospital in La Paz was the only Methodist hospital in the South American country for many years.

In 1965, the Frank S. Beck Medical Center was completed at Anco-raines, a town 12,000 feet up in the Andes Mountains. In the tropical lowlands around Santa Cruz and Montero, The Methodist Church is operating Montero hospital on a four-year contract with the government.

Membership Gains Meager

Methodist membership in the United States increased in 1965, but not much. Gains amounted to 27,390 for a new total of 10,331,574 Methodists.

This represented an increase of about one quarter of 1 percent—less than one new member for each of the 38,876 local churches. In addition, reported the Council on World Service and Finance, there are 1,822,198 preparatory members (baptized children) on the rolls.

The statistical summary—tabulated for the first time on electronic data-processing equipment—showed that about one Methodist in three attends church school and worship services on an average Sunday. Church-school attendance averaged 3,623,471 per-

She Needs Your Love



CCF worker Glen Graber found five-year-old Su Lin waiting for her mother in an alley.

Little Su Lin in Formosa is hungry but her mother won't be home to feed her until after dark. And then supper will be only a handful of rice, a cup of tea, and maybe a bit of fish.

Since Su Lin's father is dead her mother works fourteen hours a day in Taipei's crowded industrial center—trying to earn enough to keep Su Lin and her five brothers and sisters alive.

Su Lin has never had a dress that wasn't torn, or a bright ribbon in her hair, or a birthday party, or a doll. She can't go to school because there is no money for proper clothes, shoes, books or lunches.

And her future? Well, she may learn to beg and search garbage heaps for edible scraps of food. When she gets hungry enough she will learn to steal.

Yet, for only \$10 a month, Su Lin—and children like her—can be helped. Your love can give her nourishing food, school books—and maybe even that bright ribbon for her hair.

In return you will receive a deep satisfaction, plus the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters . . . and love. The child will know who you are and will answer your letters.

(If you want to send a special gift, a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

You can join thousands of other Americans who find this to be the beginning of a warm personal friendship with a deserving child.

And your help is desperately needed. Requests continue to come from Seoul, Korea, 15 babies abandoned *every day* . . . Vietnam, more war orphans . . . Calcutta, children living in the streets . . . Jordan . . . Brazil . . . Formosa.

Won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed for children in: Korea, Formosa, India, Japan, Hong Kong and Brazil.

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this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

IT WOULD be interesting to know how many Americans nightly abandon the dining room to eat in front of the TV set and watch the news. The answer would underscore the increasing role television news is playing in our national life.

Ninety-four percent of American homes now have TV sets; and Burns Roper, managing partner of Elmo Roper and Associates, recently reported that between 1959 and 1963 television overtook newspapers to become the primary source of news for a majority of Americans. A survey showed that 55 percent of us now turn first to TV for our news information. And the younger the age, the greater the reliance upon this medium.

The implications of this fact during a period of war have been ricocheting around in my head. It is one thing to read about a dirty war involving women and children. It is quite another to have a front-row seat on the fighting. Your visceral reactions are different. The government knows this, and the result is the charge that news is managed.

Item: Last year CBS News aired a film showing a U.S. Marine touching his cigarette lighter to the thatched roof of an old woman's hut. The resulting conflagration destroyed a village of more than 150 huts. It stirred up heat elsewhere, too.

Variety reported that before the telecast, the Pentagon was called to see if U.S. military leaders wished to add any word to the filmed report. The response in essence was that the incident was unfortunate but in war these things happen, and in this case it had to be done to wipe out any Viet Cong hiding in tunnels beneath the village.

After the telecast, according to *Variety*, CBS News President Fred Friendly received a call from the White House asking that a retraction be aired. (How do you retract a picture?) Vigorous pressure followed from Arthur Sylvester, assistant secretary of defense.

Variety quoted Mr. Friendly as saying, "I did think about responsi-

bility. I did know that because of the enormous impact of television . . . there would be an aftermath that would go all around the country and all around the world."

The visual dimension which TV adds to the news can pack a wallop like the fist of a heavyweight. There is evidence that some in the government would like to manage this wallop. This raises some interesting questions.

As citizens do we not have the responsibility to view firsthand the hell that war actually is? Does not television news have a right and a responsibility to report a war in its entirety? What would be the impact if we had graphic reports daily of war's effect upon people—both soldiers and civilians? I am not sure we could stomach it, and it might help ring the death knell of war.

Here are some programs coming this month which may have merit:

March 20, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Reformation—Men and Freedom*.

March 23, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Beethoven*, his life and works.

March 31, 9-10 p.m., EST, on ABC—*This Proud Land: The South*.

April 3, 5-6 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Viet Nam: Operation Sea War*.

April 3, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Congo: Victim of Independence*.

April 3, 9-11 p.m., EST, on CBS—*Death of a Salesman*, adapted for TV by Arthur Miller, with Lee J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock.

April 5, 10-11 p.m., EST, on CBS—*The National Income-Tax Test*, another testing special on a timely topic.

April 7, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Greatest Show on Earth*, this year's edition of Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey.

April 7, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*The Revolution of the 3 Rs*; Van Heflin hosts leading educators.

April 10, 7-8 p.m., EST, on CBS—*Marineland Carnival*, from California.

April 17, 6:30-7 p.m., EST, on NBC—*White Paper* on the growing crisis over the spread of nuclear weapons.

Check your newspaper for late changes, exact time, and channel. □

sons—a decrease of 50,000. Attendance at Sunday-morning worship, a new category, reached an average of 3,886,270.

Financial figures revealed that Methodist giving for all benevolent programs amounted to more than \$104 million last year, an increase of about \$6 million. The grand total of giving for all purposes within Methodism surpassed \$634 million, an increase of \$19 million.

Petition Procedure Outlined

Guidelines for filing petitions to the 1966 Special Session of Methodism's General Conference have been outlined by Dr. J. Wesley Hole of Los Angeles, conference secretary.

Requests for action now are called "petitions" rather than "memorials."

The Methodist Judicial Council has ruled that any Methodist member or group has the disciplinary right to file a petition within the areas of business prescribed for the session. It is scheduled November 8-11, in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel.

The Special Session was called by the 1964 General Conference to consider the question of unification with the Evangelical United Brethren Church, and to hear a progress report on the elimination of the racially constituted Central Jurisdiction.

All petitions must be filed not later than October 8, 1966—except those from organizations and members overseas and from annual conferences meeting within 30 days before General Conference. No petition may be received after the session opens.

Other requirements stipulate that each petition must deal with only one subject, that each petition in a series must be submitted on a separate sheet, and three copies of each

CENTURY CLUB

Five more Methodists who have reached their 100th birthday anniversaries are welcomed to the Century Club this month. They are:

Frank Cager, 100, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mattie Michener, 100, Tiffin, Ohio

Mrs. Minnie B. Powell, 100, Kokomo, Ind.

Mrs. Mattie Simmons Sloan, 100, Ripley, Tenn.

Mrs. Ida S. Smith, 100, St. Petersburg, Fla.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church of which he or she is a member, and the location if it is in a different city.

Cecil B. DeMille's PRODUCTION The Ten Commandments

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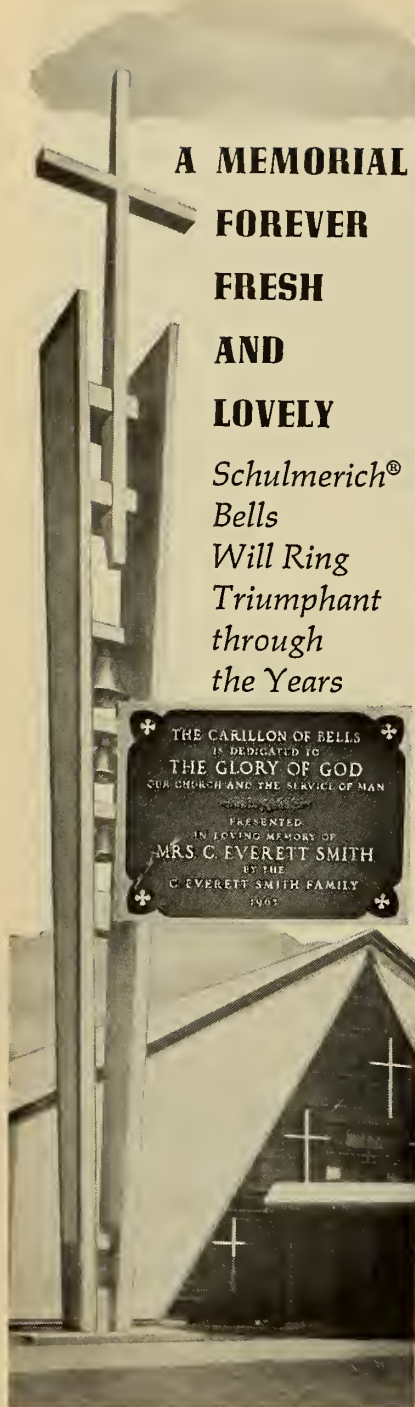
There was only one Cecil B. DeMille. And this is his picture-making masterpiece, "The Ten Commandments." This, its first appearance since its original all-record-breaking run, is in every sense a command performance. Families who saw it together the first time want to see it again. New families want to see it for the first time. "The Ten Commandments" was, in fact, the most acclaimed, the

most successful, the most popular motion picture ever made. People in every walk of life acclaimed it. People in every age group acclaimed it. People in every country acclaimed it. For all people, it was an emotional experience. Paramount Pictures is indeed proud of the most acclaimed motion picture of all time, "The Ten Commandments."

**"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS" WILL BE SHOWN AT EASTER TIME ON A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE BASIS.
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All Parties Interested In Special Group Showings Are Invited To Write To Paramount Pictures, Dept. 10-C, 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036 or Call (212) BRyant 9-8700



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petition (on 8½ x 11-inch paper) must be furnished.

All petitions are to be addressed "To the Membership of the General Conference," signed for identification, and mailed to J. Wesley Hole, secretary of the General Conference, 5250 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

Focus on Hunger, Refugees

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR) elected a new chief administrator and focused attention on world hunger, uprooted refugees, and the growing population menace at its recent winter meeting.

Elected as MCOR's new general secretary was Dr. J. Harry Haines, a New Zealand-born executive with the Methodist Board of Missions who served as a missionary in China and Malaya, and later as a relief administrator with the World Council of Churches. Effective April 1, he succeeds Dr. Gaither P. Warfield, who retires after 20 years on the staff.

Speaking of nearly a million displaced persons in South Viet Nam, Dr. Warfield called attention to Methodist relief being channeled through Church World Service, an interdenominational agency. A pressing need at present is for well-trained personnel, he stressed.

Bishop Mangal Singh of the Delhi Area spoke of the gnawing hunger in India, where the worst famine in half a century is expected this spring and summer. A four-month allocation of MCOR funds totals \$389,708, plus an undetermined large amount for India famine relief.

Dr. John S. Kulisz, secretary for refugee settlement, who just com-

pleted a survey tour of Peru and Chile, underscored the needs of both Vietnamese refugees and the influx of Cubans into the United States since Premier Castro's surprise "open exit" announcement last September.

Join Church Union Talks

The 1.25 million-member African Methodist Episcopal Church is the first denomination to accept the invitation of six other Protestant bodies to join the Consultation on Church Union (COCU).

Largest of the independent Negro Methodist churches in the United States, the AME Church also has begun serious merger negotiations with the African Methodist Episcopal Zion and the Christian Methodist Episcopal Churches.

The six other participating churches in COCU are: The Methodist, United Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Evangelical United Brethren Churches, the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), and the United Church of Christ.

Elect Promotion Chief

Dr. Howard Greenwalt is the new general secretary of Methodism's Commission on Promotion and Cultivation with headquarters in Evanston, Ill.

A commission executive since 1956, Dr. Greenwalt succeeds the late Dr. Elliott L. Fisher and is responsible for promoting Methodism's basic benevolence fund—World Service—and several special benevolences.

Dr. Greenwalt formerly was a district superintendent in Modesto, Calif., and served pastorates in Nevada and California.

Methodists in the News

John Hendrix, 16, of Yakima, Wash., is touring India to help Tibetan refugees and will visit government and religious leaders, including the Dalai Lama of Tibet, himself a refugee. The idea dates back to 1960, when the Methodist Eagle Scout assisted a crying boy on a Seattle street corner. The boy was the son of a religious ruler of a Tibetan province who was granted U.S. asylum when Communists invaded Tibet.

The National Junior College Athletic Association named W. H. "Hank" Norton "1965 Coach of the Year." In his sixth season as head football coach at Methodist-related Ferrum Junior College, Ferrum, Va., Norton's team was winner in the Shrine Bowl, Savannah, Ga.

A Methodist missionary, Miss

Florence Prouty, who has given 26 years of service to the children of Santiago, capital of Chile, was presented the Javiera Spencer Award by the Association of American Women of Chile. The gold medal is given to an American woman who has done outstanding work in Chile.

DEATHS: Dr. Clyde B. Stuntz, 79, son of the late Bishop Homer C. Stuntz, retired missionary in Monroe, La. . . . John D. Lee, 67, who played Lawyer Calhoun in the *Amos 'n Andy* radio and television series, in Los Angeles . . . R. W. Fair, 79, oilman-philanthropist, who educated approximately 1,000 persons by donating \$60,000 annually to missions, in Tyler, Texas . . . Dr. Richard H. Johnson, first Negro district superintendent to oversee white and Negro Methodist congregations, in Baltimore, Md.

The RISKS of Church Renewal

NO CHURCHMAN is really with it any more unless he endorses church renewal, one of this day's leading "Okay!" terms. And that's fine. The catch is, everyone writes his own definition. And the point sometimes missed is that authentic church renewal involves risk-taking. For example:

1. *Loss of members.* When a church really begins to apply the Gospel to today, to speak on the conditions and attitudes that keep men in bondage, some members will pull out. The only way to avoid controversy is to say and do nothing. But that is the antithesis of a prophetic community of faith; in fact, it is a pretty good working definition of a community of *unfaith*. The choice must be made to judge success biblically, not numerically.

2. *Loss of financial support.* Bondage to a budget, a building, or a certain traditional way of doing things is one of the common obstacles to contemporary Christian witness and mission. Every church, of course, runs the risk that substantial contributors will develop a stockholder mentality and feel that the weight of their coin determines the weight of their voice in church affairs. Again, any church seeking real renewal must reject this marketplace mentality and simply be the church of Jesus Christ, come what may.

3. *Loss of a religious superiority complex.* It becomes clearer every day that no church, no denomination, can go it alone on the tangled problems of this age. Neither can churchmen bring about change in human affairs without the support and counsel, if not the leadership, of secular men and structures. The fact is, it never has been appropriate to boast about being a churchman or a particular kind of churchman. No group, not even the church, contains all the world's good guys. This is an ecumenical age in an increasingly secularized society. More than that, some of the most significant Christian work and witness is done in secular situations by churchmen who never identify themselves as churchmen. Among other things, this means an end to the practice of always trying to paste a Christian label on the things we need to do as Christians.

4. *Loss of a cloistered clubbiness.* Any manifesto of renewal recognizes that the church can be the church only as it gets outside of itself, and assumes the role of servant. Of course, a church also serves its own members. But if those members ever view the church as a sort of stained-glass cocoon where they can hide away from the real world, the honest thing to do is call it a private club, not a church.

5. *Loss of an optional, selective faith.* Early Christians, and early Methodists, too, were marked by their acceptance of the faith as an absolute call-

ing, a total outlook, a complete style of life. They sought not to conform to the world but to transform it—all of it. Contrast that with what often passes for Christianity today: the execution of certain private rituals and the retention of certain carefully segmented, simplistic attitudes, both distinguished by their absolute irrelevance to such gut issues of life as despair, suffering, war, human degradation, fear, and want. For too many, Christianity is a comfortable option, a take-it-or-leave-it thing.

In many congregations, renewal has begun from serious Bible study involving all members. It often is buttressed by strict membership requirements including compulsory courses of instruction for new members and regular, serious adult-education programs. Out of such encounters with the Gospel cannot fail to come new awareness of the Christian call to discipleship in all life, and new sensitivity to mission as the Christian's calling.

6. *Loss of formulas for Christian life and mission.* Some people still think of Christianity as a cluster of *don'ts*, the observance of which guarantees inclusion among the angels. But Christianity never has been a crutch; instead, it is a way of living without crutches.

Today, perhaps as never before, the religious crutches we have used in the past are being hacked out from under us. Practices and attitudes we once took (or still take) for granted are subject to re-testing and contemporary validation. Not only is it a new game, but the world has changed even the rules. So any church that really seeks renewal must start from scratch to see what its mission is today, right there on its home ground. For every community has grave needs that are not being met.

Deep-reaching renewal is going to require some radical changes in most congregations. It means doing away with the frills and extras that sap many congregations of the energy needed to deal with the real problems, internal and external, that cry for action. It means that laymen must accept primary responsibility for mission, and that a church is not really a church if laymen expect the pastor to pull it along single-handedly. It means an openness to the new that crowds in on us from all sides in this Space Age.

But renewal is fundamentally a positive process, an affirmation that the Gospel is as demanding and relevant for today as it was in Christ's time. It requires stripping down to essentials and starting fresh. Hence those things we have mentioned as losses are not losses at all. For as Christ said, ". . . Whoever would save his life will lose it; and whoever loses his life for my sake and the gospel's will save it."

Let these be the watchwords for today's churches.

—YOUR EDITORS

\$ The Perennial Problem \$

Methodists do not believe in a celibate clergy. Yet, many churches fail to provide salaries which allow ministers to support their families adequately. The results can be damaging to the pastor's own spirit, and to his wife and children as well. From one who knows the difficulties firsthand comes a plea for laymen to become concerned.

By PAUL D. LOWDER
Pastor, Davidson Methodist Church
Davidson, North Carolina

AGAIN I am in my annual personal-finances depression. I have just filed my income tax return, and I find as usual that we spent more than I earned in the past year.

If this were the first year this had happened, I would not be so concerned, but it has been this way every year since I finished seminary in 1954. There is no sign that next year will be any different, for it is a perennial problem.

Our last year's budget, for a family of four, is typical. We try to stretch dollars, but they never seem to cover everything we need.

Getting a little deeper in debt every year gives me a sense of failure to provide for my family. Ministers, of course, are not the only people with money problems, but nearly every minister I know is saddled with a serious one.

What this does to the spirit of a parsonage family is sometimes tragic. It can give a wife a poverty complex. And I have seen wives lose their sense of values through always being financially burdened. Sometimes attitudes of resentment

show up in the children. Often, the families of ministers get by because grandparents are ready to give financial help.

Laymen are in the best position to do something about this problem. They have a responsibility to see that their ministers are adequately paid. Inadequate salary can limit the effectiveness of a minister, lower his morale and, in some instances, even tempt him to feel resentment toward church members who themselves enjoy adequate salaries yet seem to begrudge an increase in his.

The Simple Truth

The problem is not one of undisciplined budgeting. Simply stated, it is this: The salary of the *average* Methodist minister is inadequate to provide for the minimum needs of his family and his professional responsibilities.

In a professional study of our Western North Carolina Conference, prepared by a professor at Davidson College, more than half of the ministers classified their salaries as inadequate to provide

families with a decent standard of living. About one in every eight found their salaries so low that concern about financial matters was distracting to their work. The average salary in our conference, including travel and utilities where paid, is only \$5,013.

In comparison with the median income of male workers, listed by the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Methodist pastor was lower than most occupation groups on the list, including clerical workers and schoolteachers.

Workers with one to four years of college education in the United States earn a median of \$8,047, and those with seven or more years of college earn a median of \$11,000.

Ministers are in the group who lose economic ground with every spurt of inflation. To maintain their relative economic position, during such periods, they would need an increase in salary not only to keep pace with increased living costs but also an additional amount to enable them to share in the increased productivity of the national economy.

In a National Council of Churches survey, the first comprehensive study of ministers' earnings in 15 major Protestant denominations, a higher percentage of Methodists was found to be making under \$4,000 than in the other 14 major denominations combined.

Like me, a majority of ministers are in debt. But while many other families are in debt for homes or long-term investments, the minister's family is often in debt for current expenses and his car—an absolute necessity for his profession. In the survey, 71 percent of ministers reported an average indebtedness of \$1,596. Twelve percent had debts of \$3,000 or more. Almost a third reported that their indebtedness was increasing.

A Baptist minister once told me I was crazy for not becoming a Baptist. With my degree of training, he said, I could add several thousand dollars annually to my salary in his denomination. My first charge of more than 400 members paid me \$3,400. Two Presbyterian mission churches in the area, with a combined membership of less than 100, paid their pastor the equivalent of \$5,400, the minimum allowed by their presbytery. Included in this amount were a book allowance, hospital insurance, and travel, none of which was included in my salary.

Many churches allocate money for the minister's expenses, but this has little meaning since the amount usually will not even cover car expenses. So long as salary is inadequate, who cares how it is divided or by what name it is called? In Methodist churches this often is a way of keeping conference claims down since some annual conferences do not use expense accounts in figuring apportionments.

Because so few congregations make adequate provisions for their pastors' professional expenses, only 4 percent of ministers actually receive the full value of their cash salary. One minister asked his congregation to stop giving him a \$1,000 car-expenses allowance each year and instead to furnish him with a car to be used only for church business. They quickly declined when they realized this would cost them a great deal more.

Yet the minister is expected to do

LOWDER FAMILY BUDGET--1964

INCOME

Salary, Davidson Methodist Church	\$5,700.00
Training Schools Taught	180.00
Week of Preaching	75.00
All Other Income	85.00
TOTAL INCOME.....	\$6,040.00

EXPENSES

Contributions

Church, United Fund, etc.	\$ 308.22
---------------------------	-----------

Car Upkeep

Payments	795.00
Gasoline, repairs, etc.	538.74
Insurance	93.70

Social Security

(Includes payment on rental value of parsonage)	222.44
-------------------------------------------------	--------

Taxes

Sales and Personal Property Taxes	142.31
Federal Income Tax	61.59
State Income Tax	31.32

Utilities

Telephone (long distance not included)	92.40
Heat	334.79
Water and Electricity	222.03

Life Insurance

180.70

Medical Expenses

293.30

Savings (payments on lot for retirement)

480.00

Interest on Notes and Loans

131.25

Professional Expenses

Meals away from home, periodicals, books, conferences, entertaining	252.28
Renewal of wife's teaching certificate	134.70

Family Expenses

Groceries	1,235.91
Vacation	100.00
Christmas	100.00
Kindergarten	120.00
Clothing, household repairs, newspaper, haircuts, permanents, etc.	997.34
TOTAL EXPENSES.....	\$6,868.02
DEFICIT.....	828.02

Note: Budget does not include items for debt retirement, recreation, savings for education of children, or emergencies.

a competent professional job with insufficient funds. I know of no other responsible organization that charges part of its expense against the salaries of its staff.

The free use of a parsonage is considered part of a pastor's compensation, but usually his travel costs more than offset any real income in this form of free rent. Besides that, the parsonage system prevents a minister from building up any equity through the years that could be used in purchasing a home of his own after retirement.

The day is gone when the minister was given many discounts and gifts in kind. And well it might be, for perquisites do something to a man's feelings of self-respect. The ministers I know would rather be able to provide for their families' needs with their own earnings. But we have not yet come to terms with the gap that is left. Ministers who receive substantial gifts, such as automobiles and appliances, are generally those in large churches paying higher salaries.

Not for the Money

Lest anyone get the wrong impression, I want to make it perfectly clear that I am not crying "sour grapes" about the ministry. I feel called to my work and I love it, but being head of a family brings every man face to face with the financial realities of life.

There are several reasons why many laymen are unaware of the financial problems which their pastors face. Nearly any minister hates to ask for a raise. He is not, of course, in the ministry for money. (If he is, the joke is on him.)

But while salary is not a primary consideration in answering a call to the ministry, it is nonetheless important. How can he enjoy even such a simple thing as taking his wife out to dinner when he knows that it will make the grocery allowance smaller or that he must give up something in order to do it? We do not believe in a celibate clergy, and few Methodist churches are happy with a bachelor minister. Yet, we have not fully provided for the minister to support a family.

Laymen often are more concerned about their church's indebtedness than about their pastor's

salary. If this were for short terms, there might not be a problem. But churches often go into debt for many years. As soon as one debt is retired, another is assumed.

We had better learn to live with our responsibilities. Failing to increase the minister's salary because of the congregation's indebtedness may be the same as assessing his salary for a contribution as large as that of the church's most generous contributor—in addition to his voluntary pledge.

One way laymen fool themselves is by keeping increments small so they can continue to raise the minister's salary each year. But this may not even keep up with inflation. Few ministers would agree that this plan is as good as boosting salaries to the level of adequate living standards.

Past trends make you wonder when the church will take a serious look at its stewardship of the minister's salary. From 1940 to 1963, total Methodist giving increased 699 percent, world service and conference benevolences 450 percent, but pastoral support only 313 percent.

No minister would do anything to lessen interest in benevolent giving, but it hardly seems fair that other personnel in benevolent agencies of the church have facilities, funds, and expense accounts which are denied the persons who have to see that such funds are raised.

What Laymen Can Do

There are several things the layman can do to help his minister to receive an adequate income.

- First, when the salary is reviewed each year, consider the increasing financial needs of the minister and the added demands upon his salary. Fewer than one in four pastors receives an annual raise in salary, and three in five serve churches where annual review of salary is not taken seriously.

- Second, take a close look at the values of your congregation. I shall never forget working in a church which had a budget of over \$125,000, a church plant valued at over a million dollars, but which refused to hire a part-time student assistant because he asked for more than \$75 a month. If a congregation believes persons are more important than

buildings, then let it practice this.

- Third, see to it that the minister does not have to ask for a raise. Usually both pastor and laymen look to the district superintendent to do the prompting. Yet this should be the layman's responsibility, one that he can assume only if he is aware of the need.

- Fourth, plan a long-range program (but not too long) to reach an adequate level of pastoral support. Urge the congregation to get the minister's salary at least up to that of positions of comparable responsibility. A worksheet for this is provided in *A Survey of Pastoral Support*, issued by the Methodist Board of Lay Activities, 1200 Davis Street, Evanston, Ill. 60201.

The Haunting Questions

For the minister, who is most deeply concerned about the problem, there are no easy answers, but he does have to face some haunting questions:

To what extent should I penalize my family because of my work? Is it not Christian to provide and care for one's family? Do I have to leave the ministry to accomplish this?

How much should a minister be willing to do without, in the way of things which make a home personal—paintings, music, books? Is it fair for my wife to be forced to work in order to keep the family going? How can a minister avoid feeling under pressure to "succeed" statistically when salary raises—"better" appointments—depend on it? Let no one think that the only value that concerns us is money. The fact that so many of us stay in the ministry is evidence that it does not. But many of us keep wondering what we can do about our perennial financial problem.

Some say, "Turn it over to God." We have tried to do that, but one of the answers we get is that he expects us to inform the people of our real needs.

The most tantalizing part of my problem is that my stewardship of money always brings a sense of inadequacy and frustration. I am concerned about what this is doing to me spiritually as a person and as a pastor. Somehow, I feel that the burden falls upon laymen to find a solution to the problem. □



Christ on the Way to Emmaus, by G. Gjerding, First Methodist Church, Oslo, Norway.

Unusual Methodist CHURCH ART

Perhaps because of its rapid growth and wide dispersion, Methodism never did develop its own distinctive art forms. But today, more and more attention is being given to religious art—some commissioned and new, some old and acquired—in churches all around the world.



Pentecost Mosaic, Christ Methodist Church, Washington, D.C.

FOR MANY CENTURIES devout Christians have expressed their faith in works of art. As early as A.D. 300, popular biblical subjects began to live in mosaics—the Good Shepherd, the apostles, the face of Christ, and finally the cross. What began with Byzantine works came to full flower with the great European masters of the 17th and 18th centuries. By the hundreds, then by the thousands, masterpieces of art appeared in Europe's small churches and great cathedrals. The church may never again see their equal.

So new in history is The Methodist Church, however, that its cupboard has remained practically bare of worth-

while art. Understandably, the early American church—born to thrive in a rustic, unexplored wilderness—had neither the tools nor the inclination to produce great works of art, nor were there edifices in which to house them.

In recent years the trend has changed. Original art is finding its way into larger and newer Methodist churches. With some exceptions, these works are neither in the style nor the tradition of the old masters; they are new and different, as are the times. Whether these forms will live—as did the works of Rubens, Rembrandt, Jordaens, or Michelangelo—must await the verdict of the centuries.



Scenes From the Life of Christ, a mural at St. Peter's Methodist Church, Stockholm, Sweden.

Old-world methods, materials, and know-how helped produce the two widely different modern works of art on these pages—one a mosaic in Washington, D.C., the other a mural in Stockholm, Sweden. For Washington's Christ Methodist Church, nearly 300,000 pieces in hundreds of colors and shades were imported from Italy for use by the Venetian Art Mosaics Studio of New York City. *Christ Church Penetrating the World*—from a contemporary design created by the artist, Odell Prather—portrays church and government under the guidance and influence of the Holy Spirit. The central element is the cross, holding everything together.

The mural at St. Peter's Methodist Church in Stockholm depicts important events in the life of Jesus from Nativity to Crucifixion and Resurrection. The church was built in 1901; its huge mural, dating from the mid-1920s, is the work of Olle Hjortzberg of the Royal Art Academy. "We see very often how the painting makes people think," writes the Rev. Ruben Haglund, pastor. "That was the reason for church paintings from the beginning." For example, he points out the figure of a man walking down the stairs at left. "He has been to the cross, but puts his back to it and goes his way," is the pastor's explanation of this detail in the painting.



PAINTINGS grow dim with age, canvas deteriorates, and a masterpiece will lose luster unless it is carefully preserved and restored. Stone, however, is capable of speaking a sculptor's message for a thousand years or more. Hence it is natural that a major part of contemporary church art should include work in stone, metal, and concrete.

Gunnar Winqvist's *Christus Victor* is a hanging crucifix in far-off Helsinki, Finland. If this work in Helsinki's Christ Methodist Church suggests Catholic influence, the pastor hastens to declare that "it has never caused questions among our parishioners . . . it is a piece of art to us, not a controversial symbol." The Rev. Sergei Dubrovin cites the peaceful and triumphant expression on the face of Christ, whose eyes are closed as if he has just sighed: "It is finished!"

"Because of this triumphant and victorious expression," says Mr. Dubrovin, "the crucifix differs from what usually is found in Roman Catholic churches where the face and body of the Crucified express pain and suffering."

If Helsinki's *Christus Victor* is unique by Methodist standards, it is no more daringly different than *The Living Cross* (lower right) in Aldersgate Methodist Church, Honolulu. Made of metal, golden flames on a background of blue, this work was recently described by Bishop Gerald Kennedy as the freshest treatment of the cross as a symbol that he has seen. The renovated Aldersgate Church in Honolulu was dedicated last spring by Bishop Kennedy.

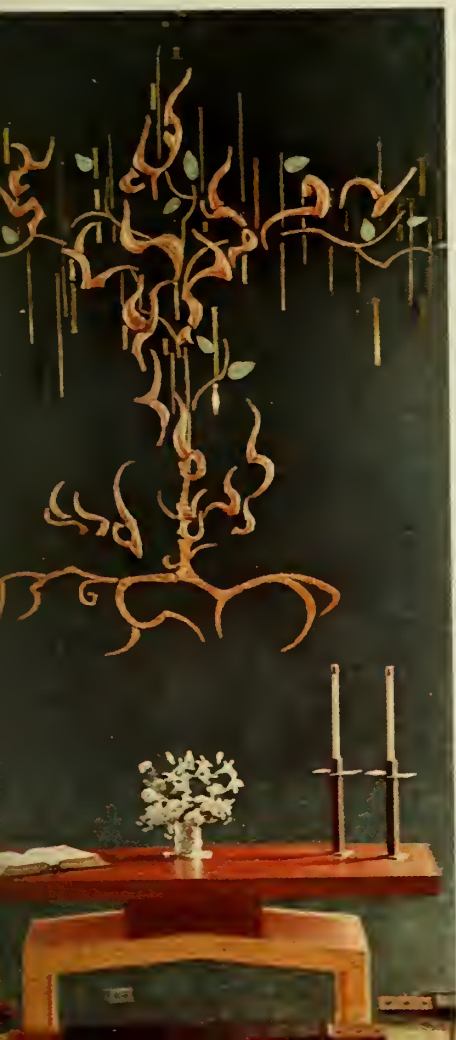
Overlooking the towers of Oxford University in England—where Methodism's founder, John Wesley, studied and taught—is a 20-foot statue of *Christ and a Child* (at right). The statue stands in front of Westminster

Christus Victor,
Christ Methodist Church,
Helsinki, Finland.

College, established by the British Methodist Church in 1851 for the training of teachers.

The Westminster statue is almost three centuries removed from the masterful ceiling painting [see next page] by the Italian, Gherardini (1655-1723), in what is believed to be the oldest building in the world housing a Methodist congregation. The church at Florence, Italy, known as St. James-Between-the-Ditches, may have been in existence since the year 1000. Built for an order of monks, the church—with its *Triumph of Faith* and other masterpieces—passed through many hands before it became a part of world Methodism worth restoring and preserving for future generations.

The Living Cross,
Aldersgate Methodist Church,
Honolulu, Hawaii.



Christ and a Child, a sculpture at Westminster College, England.

IN CONTRAST to the modernistic mural at right is the illusion of heaven and church blending together in the centuries-old ceiling painting below. Few see this work today, however, for the ceiling with its priceless painting is becoming detached from the old girders, and the 900-year-old church is closed.

It was the plea of a former pastor that "from the dust of the centuries and human obliviousness may there return to mind the things that appeared dead." But restoration of the ceiling would cost about \$20,000, says the Rev. D. Alan Keighley, present pastor, and the money is not yet forthcoming. □



Mural painting in the new Methodist church at Marienberg, East Germany.

The Triumph of Faith, The Methodist Church in Florence, Italy.





THE SOUND OF HAMMERING

Men who wield hammers here today,
(Building this church, squared board to board),
From instruments long cast away
By history's huge, far-flung horde,
Can you not hear the echoing
Of hammering, of hammering?

In Noah's hand, the hammer pounds;
Amid the taunts he builds his ark.
Old Abraham, past Haran's bounds,
Strikes tent poles to again embark
For Canaan. Trust in guidance sings
In hammerings, in hammerings.

The casket Egypt's hammers nailed
To bear to Canaan Joseph's bones
Now waits in wilderness. God-scaled
Acacia, to house the stones
Of covenant, is suffering
The hammering, the hammering.

With Moses' hammered gold and wood,
The tabernacle task's fulfilled.
Where Solomon's great temple stood,
Come Ezra's exiles to rebuild—
Behind them, Babylon. Hope clings
With hammerings, with hammerings.

Young Jesus in the Nazareth shop
Has fallen heir to Joseph's trade.
For oxen's yoke or window stop
His mystic mission is delayed.
To keep a home, here toils the King
In skillful, patient hammering.

Toward Golgotha on bleeding back,
He bears the rough and heavy cross;
Compassionate, the shoulders black
Which lift it. Stunned by senseless loss,
Now Simon views the searing sting
Of nails in flesh. Blind hammering!

Blind and calloused Romans, Jews,
And all whose sin nails hands and feet,
Here is your Hope—the great Good News—
For which those ancient hammers beat!
But, lo, from this raised cross will spring
Christ's form anew—from hammering. . . .

From hammering in Antioch,
Where early Christians build a church;
In Rome, where Constantine (on rock
Still martyr red from Nero's smirch)
Erects a church. And here will sing,
In time, St. Peter's choirs—from hammering.

But with the great cathedrals built,
The Spirit's lost in ritual.
A priest, protesting papal guilt,
Is tacking lists of scriptural
Transgressions to the door. To fling
The shackles loose, he's hammering.

Now, westward move the hammerers
And fashion freedom's symbol in
A bell. Its kindred messengers
In worldwide steeples tell all men
Christ is the church, unfettering.
To house his body, hammers ring.

Men who wield hammers here today,
(Building this church, squared board to board),
From instruments long cast away
By history's huge, far-flung horde,
Can you not hear the echoing
Of hammering, of hammering?

—Pauline Robertson

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Should a Church Spend \$350,000 Remodeling?

Distressed at the way her hometown church has chosen to use its resources, the author raises questions which she considers crucial to the life of every congregation.

How often, she asks, do we equate 'building program' with 'Christian ministry'?

By Anne Cadman

MY HOMETOWN church, with a 75-year-old house of worship and a 40-year-old social hall, is in the process of extensive remodeling.

Undoubtedly the timeworn buildings need some face-lifting. The Victorian-style church proper, located on a million-dollar site, had never been modernized, although in 1956-57 the congregation raised \$100,000 to pay off the mortgage, renovate the organ, and buy a \$35,000 home for the minister.

Over the years, slums have developed within a few blocks of the church, and more recently some low-income housing has been built. As urbanization has intensified, the city gradually has split into racial and ethnic pockets, and the church, located in mid-city, has lost members. Today the congregation numbers about 1,000, with 300 to 350 attending two Sunday services. It is a classic pattern of decay and decline.

Yet, when I read of the projected church renovation, I was shocked at the proposal to sink \$350,000 into real-estate improvements. The tone of campaign announcements projected materialism and Madison Avenue. "Building program" was equated with "Protestant Christian ministry."

Is this the way the established church thinks? I asked this question of many friends of varying faiths. Yes, a large majority of them responded, a building program is what many ministers feature as their big news, or even, some said, as their "good news."

Does my distress over one church's \$350,000 campaign brand me as out of step with reality? Or is the church out of step with its basic mission? Does church mean building to most ministers and congregations? If renovation is needed, how luxurious should it be? Is the church preparing to serve its area, or to attract an affluent clientele to a comfortable structure with bright pews?

Since the dilemma of nearly all city, and many suburban, churches can be seen in this case, I present the pros and cons as they broke upon me. I had glanced over the monthly newsletters as they came. Later, I reread them with great care. I was most disturbed by the fall progress report, which said:

"There comes a time in the life of many churches when, due to circumstances, sociological and others, the general vitality and effectiveness of the church is eroded. . . .

"For more than 15 years now," the report continued, "there has been a steady decline in our membership. We have learned that some churches have been able to reverse the trend . . . The adjustment must be bold and radical, decisive and total."

The report summarized briefly what the church had accomplished thus far: the establishment of a teen-age nightclub; a revised liturgical worship service; a streamlined church administration; new Bible-study classes for adults; a new system of pledged subscrip-

tions in the men's and women's organizations to avoid fund-raising activities; and the hiring of a third ministerial assistant who would concentrate on community and educational service, thus adding stature to the church's image.

The church's annual budget is \$96,000, nearly four-fifths of it devoted to salaries, building maintenance, supplies, and operational expenses. It appears to be a well-run business, serving the needs of its ministers and its buildings. But was it for this that Jesus said, "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations" (Matthew 28:19)?

The last part of the progress report reads as follows:

Expansion Committees Report Progress. All five committees—staff expansion, church expansion, church renovation, parsonage, and grounds improvement—have come up with specific ideas. Some of them:

- Brightening of chancel and narthex to make church more inviting, particularly to younger generations. Example: glass doors into narthex and sanctuary (as many of Europe's and New York City's oldest cathedrals and churches have already done).
- A stone-and-glass building connecting church and church house, brightening outer appearance of church, expanding facilities to accommodate increased needs of youth, creating more opportunities for member fellowship after Sunday-morning church services.
- Renovation, modernization, and brightening of church schoolrooms and buildings in keeping with latest Christian-education school design.
- Beautification of the church grounds, including replacement of iron rail fence with low spreading juniper bushes bordering the front hedges.
- Expansion of parking facilities between church house and city hall, erecting basketball posts and backboards for expanded play area.
- Exploration of the need for a house for the church's associate pastor. Reasons: Tax-free advantage to a church as an investment and its human values to a minister with a family.

The report commented: "The expansion . . . can be a most exciting and substantial contribution to the Protestant Christian thrust forward for our town in our time."

The next day I wrote the minister as follows:

DEAR —:

As a former member of your church, I read with interest the report about church expansion. I was intrigued by the words, "The adjustment must be bold and radical, decisive and total." Then I read: "glass doors . . . stone-and-glass building . . . renovation . . ."

I was shocked. Are these answers put forth seriously? Is the challenge of spiritual decay to be met only by mate-

rial renovation? Every suggestion listed had to do with material improvement. If Jesus Christ were to come into your study, what would he suggest?

I recommend to you a book entitled *Call to Commitment* by Elizabeth O'Connor. In humility and yet with conviction, I would say that Christ and his disciples set a pattern of "going into all the world," after prayers and devotions held on hillsides and in homes. It seems to me that Christ's way was to express his love by going out among the people, healing or preaching.

Today, Christians might express God's love by initiating small, neighborhood prayer groups, teen centers, halfway houses for the mentally or nervously exhausted; by hospital-aid work, craft centers dedicated to God, coffee-houses, urban renewal centers, and neighborhood assistance to self-beautification efforts. Yet even these efforts would be failures unless those involved felt "led" into them, found them a joy rather than a duty, were prepared to relinquish them if God's finger should point a new way.

One of the most exciting and inspiring groups I have belonged to was composed of six young housewives who, as Sunday-school teachers, were struggling to find out what they believed in so they could truly teach. It just happened that three different churches were represented by the six women. We conducted our prayer-study times in homes once every two weeks, 11 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., each of us bringing a sandwich to de-emphasize food preparation. Each one of us (however unsure) took a turn opening the session with prayer and meditation.

We studied such books as *Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology, Alternative to Futility, Testament of Devotion, Time to Spare*.¹ We shared our problems and perplexities, and agreed to accept one another in spite of different opinions. I learned as reality that, "For where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

I think your church has a destiny, set as it is on the rim of the city's expanding melting pot. I don't see the destiny in terms of stone and glass. I couldn't tell you what the destiny is, nor whether the church will find it. But I shall pray that you who lead her will in turn be led.

Sincerely and prayerfully yours,
ANNE CADMAN

Twenty days later, the minister replied to my letter as follows:

DEAR MRS. CADMAN:

Thank you so much for your letter. It was nice to hear from you and receive your thoughts.

You remark that renewal in a church involves more than stone and glass. You are, of course, quite right. I am surprised that you have missed the newsletters telling about all of the actions we have taken in other areas.

In the last two years we added three professional staff persons to help us do a better job of teaching our young people; we started two study groups, gave special lectures on the Bible, had special Bible-study groups, began a new music program, instituted an entirely new worship service, reorganized the boards of the church for more efficiency, began a teen-age club, began a special evangelistic calling by utilizing a professional staff person; and we have completely reorganized both the men's and women's organiza-

tions so that they no longer spend their time selling silk stockings and candy and having secular programs.

It was good to hear from you and to know that you are interested in the continuing progress of the church as it attempts to witness to Jesus Christ.

Sincerely yours,
— — —

Within months the church began its campaign to raise the \$350,000. By the spring of 1965, the expansion fund was sufficient to purchase a new four-bedroom home for the family of one of the associate ministers. The other had been installed in the furnished apartment which was built for ministerial housing in 1925 as part of the social-educational hall.

There was dissension in the church over the fund. One or two also disliked the new liturgy—and left. But a majority appeared to go along with the remodeling idea. I wrote to members for comments. Their replies included these:

"Something had to be done," said the honorary chairman of the expansion fund.

"Maybe the expansion fund is wrong, but it's better than doing nothing—and the best of all possible choices," a church officer declared.

"Don't rock the boat with your negative reactions," another said he had told a dissenter whom he described as having "an all-pervasive sadness about the church."

"The key people of the church feel they should give the minister what he wants," a fourth stated. "We've lost a great many ministers over the past years, and we feel we should go along with this one."

A critic said, however: "We're just throwing good money after bad. The church is going to go out of existence anyway."

The fund chairman said, "The community can take heart that we want to beautify our church in this neighborhood. We now have 70 Negro members from the nearby area. We can't have a sick-looking plant and attract people to it. . . . People do go by secular standards."

A few months after the campaign was announced, about \$250,000 had been pledged. The church hoped to receive some aid from a foundation for this "positive program of Protestant Christian ministry in a growing community."

I had occasion to talk to the fund chairman at this time, and asked him if he had read the book by Bishop Paul Moore, Jr., *The Church Reclaims the City* (Seabury Press, \$4.95), which states that the church does not have to be rich, nor "have specially trained personnel, huge budgets, many facilities, rummage to distribute, and a whole battery of social services. The church must trust the Gospel enough to come among the poor with nothing to offer . . . except the Gospel."

No, he had not read this book. His position was summed up in his statement that "even when we reach the \$350,000, we should not let up. What a dynamic program we can build in our community if we are able to continuously expand our plant and program!"

And so my question remains: Is this campaign justified? □

¹ A *Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology* by William Hordern, published by Macmillan, paperback, \$1.45; *Alternative to Futility* by Elton Trueblood, Harper & Row, \$2.50; *Testament of Devotion* by Thomas Kelly, Harper & Row, \$2; *Time to Spare* by Douglas V. Steere, New York: Prentice-Hall, 1949.—Editors

It's FUN to Be 50!

When her son was 18, she had him kneel, struck him three raps on the shoulder with an old fencing foil, dubbed him MAN, and commanded: 'Go forth, Man, and conquer the world.'
At 50, she says, you can be a nut if you want to.

By REBECCA BURRIS



I USED to think people of 50 were fossils. Last week I had another birthday. Now I'm 50.

I don't feel a bit like a fossil. I feel wonderful. I feel as if I'd just come really alive. Pardon me, all you 50-year-olds I sympathized with when I was 20, 30, 40. You should have sympathized with me.

Being 50 is fun. All you have to do is throw out your arms and cry, "I'm free!"

A father, five brothers, later a husband, and then a son all tried to bend me to their masculine wills. They never quite succeeded. Oh, I pretended to look up to them, to obey them, to carry out their demands. All the time, however, I was consoling myself under my breath. "Your time will come, dear," I kept soothing my ruffled feathers. "Just you wait." Now, at 50, it has.

Even my son, whom I love to pieces, can't boss me now. I did what is known as "raised" him (actually a confused jumble of prayers and good luck) the best I could. I told him about the birds and bees, kissed his hurts, fed him, nursed his ailments, helped with his homework, chaperoned him at dancing class and parties, shined his shoes when he forgot, batted around with him on vacation trips in the United States, Hawaii, Canada, and all over Mexico.

When he reached 18, I had him kneel before me. I struck him three smart raps on the shoulder with a rusty old fencing foil we found in somebody's abandoned attic, and then I dubbed him MAN.

"Go forth, Man, and conquer the world!" I commanded him in my best King-Arthur-of-the-Round-Table voice. "From this day on, you tend to your own business and let mine alone!"

At 50, you can be a nut if you want to. Why not? People like nuts much better than they do old crabs. "Characters" have a jolly time. If living joyously makes me a character, I plead guilty. Furthermore, I throw myself upon the mercy of the court.

I groan today, thinking how stupid I used to be. The world rested on my shoulders—I thought. I had to be proper or die. Conventions had to be strictly observed or the heavens would tumble down. I "socialized" until I was bored stiff. I joined all the "right" organizations. I held office. *Myself* got lost in the shuffle. It took all my time being my idea of somebody else's opinion of what I should be. Confused? I was too.

"They" terrified me. They ran my life. I couldn't do anything, say anything, wear anything, go anywhere, buy anything, sing anything,

plant anything, serve anything, or even fix my hair any way that failed to meet with "their" approval. Who were "they"? I never did find out.

Today, at 50, I know my opinion is just as good as theirs, whoever they are, and only nincompoops permit themselves to be swayed from their own common sense.

"We can't afford it" were words I found it impossible to say when my husband and I were young married folks. People would know we were poor! Disgraceful! So we bought things we couldn't pay for, ran around with extravagant groups, put up a big false front. Ghastly! What a mess youngsters without courage make of their lives!

Today, at 50, I know the life I enjoy, and I live it. I like casual, catch-as-catch-can entertaining. Actually, I prefer friends to drop in. Then you don't have to kill a fatted calf. A spaghetti and tossed-green-salad dinner can be whipped up in no time, and everybody is relaxed.

I like to swim and take sunbaths. The glorious sun bakes the meanness out of me. And God is awfully close when his sun is baking your hide, his birds are singing in nearby trees, and you can hear him say, quite clearly: "You spoke crossly to Mary. Better call her on the phone and tell her you love her."

I take walks. Nothing is better

for your health and spirits than to stroll along and ponder. People look at you suspiciously sometimes; dogs bark at you from porches and even threaten you from yards; and occasionally in particularly lush neighborhoods a policeman will stop his squad car and ask you what you're up to. But don't be downhearted. At 50, you dare risk a trip to the booby hatch. A bit of explaining, a lot of laughter, and all is well.

My husband and I are ardent square dancers. In our fancy Western duds, we mingle with all kinds of people, have loads of innocent, jitterless fun. Whirling, weaving the ring, do-si-doing, we're too busy listening to the caller's instructions to worry. We turn back into children, light-hearted and gay.

I ride my bicycle when the weather is nice. I have an old one, long ago discarded by my son. He took it apart, the way all boys for some reason do, and left it scattered about the garage. I rescued it, painted it red, and now it's mine. When passersby cry, "My land! You're riding a bicycle," I reply, "I'm getting in training for a bicycle trip through Europe!" At 50, I'll make all my dreams come true.

One of my biggest pleasures is to go to church. Even when I'm in Mexico or Hawaii, I look up a church on Sunday. I couldn't last out the week if I didn't pay my respects to God, ask him to shed his light along my way.

Can one be happy out of contact with religion? I doubt it. Youngsters may scoff at religion, but they have a long way to go and a lot to learn. Middle-aged scoffers are pathetic. Poor creatures. What a desolate place their world must be.

I state frankly now that I hate bridge. "But everybody plays!" my friends protest, when they need a fourth to fill in. "Not me," I say positively. "I haven't a mathematical mind. Sitting at a table bores me. I need to be up and doing." I tried bridge when I was newly married. A Christian martyr tossed to the lions had nothing on me.

I hate gossip. And dirty stories. I don't listen when somebody tells one. And I can't bear whiners. I'm firmly convinced that erepchanges enjoy their groans. Let 'em—but

All Six Verses, Yet!

In unison we rise and stand
And wish that we were sitting.
We listen to the music start,
And wish that it were quitting.
We pass our hymnal to a guest
Or fake a smoker's cough;
We drop our pencils, lose our gloves,
Or take our glasses off.
We move our lips to keep in style,
Emitting awkward bleats,
And when the last "Amen" is sung,
Sink gladly in our seats.
O Lord, who hearest every prayer
And saves us from our foes,
Deliver now Thy little flock
From hymns nobody knows.

—Phyllis Naylor



not with me. Even relatives, if they are professionally dismal, deserve short shrift. If Uncle Ed persists in grumping, let him grump alone.

I like happy people, people with spunk, those with the old-fashioned virtues of "git up and git!"

Inactivity will get you. at 50, if you don't watch out. Americans today literally sit themselves to death. We sit to eat, sit to work, sit to visit friends, sit to read, sit to watch outdoor games and indoor television. Is it any wonder we all get fat, collect ailments, drop dead from heart attacks?

Arthritis in your neck? No, you just aren't turning it enough, looking. Thank God for every muscle and joint. By exercising, keep them oiled up and in perfect order. Remember: "Use it or you'll lose it!"

Get new interests; open unaccustomed doors. Branch out. Investigate and enjoy. If a new activity appeals to you, no matter how many critics term it outlandish, try it. So it's a mistake. Who cares? Do so many different things that a few bobbles won't register. Besides, it isn't a mistake if you learn a lesson.

Get pleasure from simple things, like petting a kitten. Cuddle babies. Chat with everybody you see. Forget that old adage about not talking to strangers. Nobody's a stranger when you're 50. Have coffee with friends. Window-shop. A hyacinth raised with loving care brings more happiness than a millionaire's hot-house filled with exotic blooms.

Remember the law of diminishing returns. Money brings the wealthy little joy. If you doubt this, go where the rich gather. Study the sharp, petulant, discontented faces. The lobby of a fashionable hotel is a gold mine of boredom. Penetrate the murky depths of any expensive nightclub and observe the pale, sad, desperate merry-makers who inhabit this netherworld.

Half the fun of travel is stretching dollars. A trip is a luxury when you scrimp and save and dream. With the rich—poof. You find them in any ship's first class, drinking, gambling, looking down their noses at wide-eyed tourists, fighting a losing battle with ennui.

At 50, the time to do things is NOW!

Take that trip. Sell the big old house, so quiet now that John and Betty are married and gone, and move into a slick little modern apartment. Get rid of the old, cumbersome furniture (if John and Betty don't want it now, when will they?), the dishes, and outdated pots and pans. Slim down to necessities. It's like starting over again as bride and groom.

Once your courage, your spizzier-inctum attracts the attention of Lady Luck, there's no telling what exciting adventures will come your way.

Be the kind of person who does things! Fifty is exactly the perfect age to become that new, that much more charming, more audacious you!

Years ago, when I was an eager-eyed reporter, I interviewed a brilliant lady lecturer who came to town. Among the facts she unhesitatingly divulged about herself, she told me the date of her birth.

I looked surprised. "Shall I put that in? Everybody will know how old you are!"

She smiled, "Why not? Everybody is 40 sometime."

Well, everybody is 50 sometime, too. When you are 50, gentle reader, this is what I wish for you: that you be as carefree, as top-of-the-morning and as bursting-out-at-the-seams as I.

Good luck, and God bless. □

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Too often, evangelism has been described in terms of soul-winning, or head-counting, or sheep-gathering, or pew-filling. Such approaches ignore the central Christian imperative: love.

Personal Evangelism Is Caring

By WILLIAM B. PRESNELL, Pastor
Green Village Methodist Church, Green Village, N.J.

FROM the time of the 12 disciples, evangelism always has been a central concern of Christians. But over the centuries, the authentic basis for personal evangelism sometimes has been hidden by outworn dogma or glossed over in ecclesiastical pep talk.

Too often, for example, we hear personal evangelism described only in terms of soul-winning, or head-counting, or sheep-gathering, or pew-filling. No sincere Christian, of course, wishes to stifle any honest effort to lay the claims of the Gospel before men. Yet to be valid for this or any age, personal evangelism must shine forth as nothing less than a Christian's zealous, personal *caring* for other persons. The first commandment is to love. Any other content or interpretation we give to personal evangelism must bow down to love.

Watching Our Motives

The first requirement for authentic personal evangelism, then, is that we *watch our motives*. What do we wish to accomplish when we confront our unchurched brother? How do we see him? As a space in a pew? A number on our report blank? A dollar a week for the budget?

Certainly not. We see him as a

person for whom the historical humiliation and Resurrection of Jesus Christ can mean the beginning of light and life. And because we care for this person, we try to communicate this "scandalous" faith to him in such a way that it (but not we) may grasp him.

The problem of communication without unwarranted offensiveness or intrusion is one we have had with us a long time. Even today, books and tracts are being written on "soul-winning." These often encourage an invasion of personal rights which many dedicated Christians find repulsive, and which the unchurched find altogether intolerable. If the unbeliever is to be offended, let it be by the offense of the Gospel, not by blundered personal relations.

Strictly speaking, it is not a person's soul that needs saving. It is the *whole man* at which God's redemption is aimed. Too often personal evangelism has made the error of cleaving man into a body piece and a soul piece, coveting the latter and despising the former. Contemporary biblical studies have shown this procedure to be unscriptural.

Furthermore, is there not an unwarranted audacity in the assumption that we evangelists can "win"

another to Christ, as though with every "soul" racked up we merit an added notch on our Bibles? Surely if there is any *winsomeness* about us, it is the love of Christ—which has its way not because of us but in spite of us.

Watching Our Methods

Because personal evangelism is caring, we should also *watch our methods*.

Granted, we have "treasure in earthen vessels" to convey. But can't we hit upon a stabler vehicle than 19th-century revivalism in 20th-century disguise? Have we not seen the "almost Christian" recoil from high-pressure appeals that he blindly affirm certain dogmatic assertions as the basis of his faith?

On the other hand, is it not time that we scrap at last the insidious and damaging notion that morality leads to faith, and that responsible churchmanship equals living a decent life?

Both of these ideas have infested personal evangelism with heresy in the past. But it need not—and cannot—be so today.

For one thing, the servant of Christ confronts a world today where the wall between the sacred and the secular has been battered down. This means that for the sake

of faith he must share the humiliation of Christ, "bear the marks of his suffering" in his own body as he confronts the world.

Yet he also lives in freedom and hope, because Christ has conquered death. He is fully aware that the sphere of God's redemption is everywhere—that is, it is historical. And there are implications here for personal evangelism.

One is that, being freed from the compulsion to be all things to all men, or to dominate others, the Christian is free to express his caring in ways that seem to be redemptively promising for his neighbor. He is able to listen to the affirmations that his nonchurch brother is making, and encourage him in them where he can. He may speak, demonstrate, or point to the Gospel, careful to be faithful to its meaning. But he is also willing to hint, to sow, where wisdom dictates. Personal evangelism in the past has been far too eager to gather the wheat, not content to leave the harvesting to God.

A second implication of full secularity is that redemptive work may well be going on elsewhere besides in the institutional church. It is a hard fact, for instance, that some 200 or more self-help groups, such as Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, and the like, have sprung up in our society. Many of these fellowships—for that is what they are—have attempted to translate the meaning of Christ's redemption into practical affirmations and action procedures. Many who have known nothing but scorn and rejection in their churches have found new life in these fellowships.

This should not lead the churchman to despise his church nor to cease in his efforts to aid in its renewal. But neither should he be discouraged from pointing out alternatives to a neighbor which may promise a saving way where the church has failed.

A third implication of a fully secularized world is that personal evangelism has no specific location. The work of personal evangelism should be seen as projected out of the gathered church in all conceivable directions. That is to say, the work belongs to every churchgoer, not just to the commission on membership and evangelism.

It belongs to the executive flying from San Francisco to New York; to the Pennsylvania coal miner descending into the bowels of the earth; or to the Illinois farmer at the grain elevator. It belongs to the housewife and clubwoman, and the president of the PTA. It belongs to the government official and the company head as they struggle over problems of power and competition with their peers; it belongs to the salesman and serviceman who cover wide areas.

This means that any concentrated evangelistic effort should be directed *first* at the faithful members themselves, so that they may bring a conscious understanding of their faith into the presence of others. Hopefully, such an expression will occur in a manner compatible with the situation, and in keeping with the Christian's love and concern for those whom he addresses.

It also means that as an expression of our Christian caring, we concentrate on nurturing, preserv-

ing, and cultivating closer personal relations with our neighbors, in a highly depersonalized society. This will involve, above all, making our casual relations with other people count.

Watching Our Language

Finally, because personal evangelism is caring, we need to *watch our language*. "God-talk" in our day has become largely irrelevant to vast numbers of people within and outside our churches. For too long the personal appeal to faith has come across to the unbeliever as a simpleminded demand that he vocally admit the validity of certain assertions about the existence of God and the divinity of Christ. Modern man has yet to be confronted with a concerted evangelistic witness that focuses on the *meaning* of the Christ event for the interpretation of human existence.

For language, this indicates the need for a modern-day version of the parables of Christ, metaphors which communicate the truth without violating the essence of the message, metaphors which center not on proofs and abstract theological principles but on life's basic issues—and their meaning under faith.

If the church's evangelistic effort is to bear fruit, surely a careful check of motives, method, and language is imperative. We are asked to devote much time, money, and effort, as well as personal commitment, to this goal. We will be sorry stewards if our use of these resources does not somehow say to those we reach, "In the name of Christ the Lord, we *care* about you." □

getting along Together

●
Sitting in church one Sunday morning, I saw the parents of a young man who was killed in the war give their church \$400 as a memorial.

When the presentation was made, a war mother sitting beside

me said to her husband, "Let's give the same for our boy."

"How could we?" asked the father. "Our boy wasn't killed in the war."

"That's the point," replied the mother. "Let's give the money because our boy was spared."

—ERNEST BLEVINS, Florissant, Mo.

●
During a late evening stroll with her father, a young girl stopped to stare at the starry sky.

"What are you thinking?" her

father asked after several moments.

"If the bottom side of heaven is so beautiful," she replied, "how wonderful the other side must be!"

—BETTY KISSINGER, Orlando, Fla.

●
Little stories for this feature must be true—ones which will brighten a day and lighten a heart. We pay \$5 for each one accepted for publication. Unaccepted submissions cannot be returned, so no postage, please.—Eds.



WHY Do They Write Like THAT?

Does modern literature always have to be focused on despair, failure, sexual perversion, alienation, inability to face reality? Are there no writers who can create for us some image of love and hope?

By MARTHA WHITMORE HICKMAN

AFTER wading through the despair, lostness, failure, sexual perversion, and inability to face reality that pervades much of the serious fiction being written today, the reader who professes to be a Christian, and thus a child of faith, sooner or later asks despairingly: "Why do they write like that?"

Are there no novelists and short-story writers for whom faith is a positive illumination of life and its questions? Are there no writers of stature who can create for us some image of love and hope? Are those who write in the mood of the Christian faith always to be consigned to the spiritual uplift magazines, or to

theological treatises beyond the interest and technical understanding of most of us?

When we find clergymen portrayed in modern literature, we find a succession of bunglers. As a sampling, consider the gross opportunisms of Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*; the lack of decent compassion in the priest in James Agee's *A Death in the Family*; or the dogged helpfulness of the minister in John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*, whose acceptance of Rabbit's weakness is unlimited but who is ineffective as an accepting, loving husband to his own wife. As in these examples, the professional

agents of faith almost invariably are lacking in love and understanding.

In my own small but determined way, I have tried to be a writer, and in my labors I have learned something about the writing process. Therefore, I suggest that before we bemoan *what* a writer writes, we should consider briefly *why* he writes—why he pulls himself apart trying to abstract some unified, artistic, meaningful thing—his story—from all the tensions and pleasures, the faiths and doubts that consume him.

This personal approach is not usually fair. A work of art should

stand alone. But since we are considering the artistic product as it relates to faith, and faith is, beyond all else, personal, let's change the rules and ask why the writer does write, and whether his motives in writing have anything to say about the human condition on which he is trying to throw light.

Once I overheard someone say consolingly to a writer whose work was interlaced with death and separation: "When you get rid of some of these tensions, maybe you can branch out."

Well, there may be writers who write without tensions to drive them on, but I doubt if they are the writers who get at the heart of things. While the sharing of joys and triumphs is a pleasure to us all, it is not nearly so strong a compulsion as our need to share our sorrows and distresses with other human beings. We can live with our joys by ourselves, although we are glad enough to tell about them when it suits our convenience. But sorrow and distress are unbearable alone; they will not wait. So it may be with our writers. It is the sharing of common tensions that helps make them writers at all.

Since we live in an age of anxiety and alienation, contemporary writers, like the rest of us, are more besieged by anxiety than were writers whose work mirrored a less-troubled society—or a society whose troubles were less known.

BUT IS the reading public supposed to be some kind of mass psychiatrist to whom the writer tells his problems and thus achieves his own stability? Of course not. If a writer were to use his skill to free himself from a particular anxiety by passing it off on the public, his readers would gain nothing. This, however, is virtually impossible. For when the writer writes about himself, he is saying something about the rest of us, too. In his preoccupation with the troubles that drive him to write, he illuminates for all the rest of us the central issues of life. And those, of course, also are the issues of faith.

What are these issues? They ask these questions: Who am I? Who are other men? Why do men suffer?

Of what does real happiness consist? How is it possible to love? Does God exist, and does he really love and preserve us as individuals? How can imagination be extended?

By his distillations and probings, the writer shows us where the light falls, where the cables do not quite reach, what is behind a solemn and lonely face. He shows us what lies in the silt at the bottom of the river. What lies there is not only the dregs of the refuse from our cities but also the fossils of our ancestors. From both of these—as from the life-giving water that lays them down and carries them along, holding in its fluidity the shape of life and things to come—come the anguish and the hope that are the questions with which writers deal.

WHY SO much disappointment and sorrow? Is existence all so bleak as the writers of despair portray? No, it is not. And I suspect that if we knew these writers, we would find them, like the rest of us, investing themselves heavily in the possibilities of life, rearing their children, loving their friends, working for better conditions in Alabama, or Algeria, or Boston.

Yet even so, it is their despair which they must share with us. Why? Because it matters so much that we often are so phony, that we go back on our promises, that we so willingly keep our blinders on, that we do not notice life going by us hour by hour. It is their sorrow and protest which they must share with us because they are like us, and the despair and the likeness both are part of the story they have to tell.

If writers wished to defend themselves, which perhaps they would not, I think most of them would correctly say that it is not only their *need* that makes them "write like that" but also their *responsibility* to be true to the emotional facts of the case. As the verse in Job puts it: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward" (Job 5:7). Or as Horace Walpole said: "The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel."

Since most of us find our feelings more inescapable than our thoughts, few of us can laugh very

convincingly for very long at the built-in sorrows of life. This unwillingness to gloss over sorrow is part of a writer's honesty.

But what about faith? Doesn't it make any difference whether a writer is a man of faith? To the writer as a person, of course, it does. But the material which a writer of faith deals with differs very little, if at all, from that dealt with by the nonbeliever. For to be a man of faith is not to be without the recognition of besieging problems. Such a man who also is a writer will be driven, like other writers, to confront tragedy and estrangement. He, too, will say, in effect: This is too much for me to bear alone. If I can tell you about it, I can get past it, can understand it better.

And he will be saying, too, that tragedy and estrangement are realities of God's creation, and that we must be honest and look at them fearlessly. To refuse to look is to deny that God is all-relevant. The writer who is a man of faith may, in fact, feel tragedy and estrangement more keenly, not less, because he sees the lengths to which a loving God is willing to go in giving his children freedom and then in trying, again with love, to redeem them. And he sees, on the other hand, the lengths to which man will go to avoid confronting and coming to terms with the love of God.

THE writer of fiction will not use theological terms to describe the anguish he sees any more than he will use conventional religious language to describe the joys of redemption and reverence he sees in life. That is not his genius, nor even his business. When we ask writers to "give us the answers" to the problems about which they are so articulate, we demand of them something that is incompatible with the process they are using. It is the business of the fiction writer to give us the parts and let us add them up ourselves.

There are two demands we often make of writers who we believe are men of faith.

The first one runs something like this: If the writer is a man of

faith, why doesn't he use the language of faith? Why doesn't he stand up and be counted? Some writers who do use the words of faith get by with the grossest oversimplifications and distortions. But this is inexcusable as art—and as religion.

The terms of faith are abstractions while the words of fiction are sensory and immediate. Neither lends itself to the other very well. I do not mean that the successful mingling of the language of faith with the experience of art is never possible, but it is extremely hard. Dostoevski managed in his vast and tortuous way to use the language of faith and have it convincing both as faith and as art. And in a lesser but remarkable way so has Alan Paton in *Cry, the Beloved Country*, that novel of South Africa in which grace, terror, and love are mixed. But it is more likely that genuine faith will be portrayed by showing what it is *not*, as did Sinclair Lewis in *Elmer Gantry* and Olov Hartman in *Holy Masquerade*.

The second demand is made by more sophisticated Christian readers who would like to find more books in which the *mood* of faith is present. I think of the mood of faith being present in those works that say *yes* to life rather than *no*. The tension still is there, of course, for tension is the essence of fiction. But there is affirmation that the last

word may be a meaningful word; that even if yes is not said in the book or story, there is a possibility that it might be said, and nothing precludes its eventually being said.

I think of J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* as having the mood of faith and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* as not having it, because within the insights of the latter story there is no alternative leading to the boys' redemption from their depravity.

IF NEITHER the language nor the mood of faith is present in a work of fiction, is it unusable for a man of faith? Of course not. When a Christian demands only congenial reading matter that he considers is good for him, he refuses to look at the areas of life to which the Gospel of undeserved love may be the most relevant of all.

It is not subject matter that is ever out of bounds. The question is whether the subject is treated honestly and in true proportion to its effect on other human experience.

The range of published writing is very great, and certainly some of it is not useful for men of faith. But the lines are not drawn where many of us think, and I doubt that the harmful potential exists in some of the books about which some people seem so scandalized.

The really bad books are those in which material is presented superficially, in lopsided proportion to its deepest meaning—whether they deal with sex and violence or with the two-dimensional goodness of men performing endless good deeds with no attention to the motives or sacrifices of the persons involved.

The criterion of art is integrity; and if a work of literature has integrity and proportion, a Christian, who is himself obligated to demand integrity, should not complain.

Tastes differ, of course, and that is fine. Christians need not feel pressured into reading the literature of despair. But neither should they condemn its validity for other men of faith.

Our faith demands that we reject the phony, as in *Catcher in the Rye*; the mediocre, as in *Rabbit, Run*; that we accept the need of God to save us from the savagery within us, of which we are reminded so violently by *Lord of the Flies*; and that we understand the variables of the drives by which human beings assault and comfort one another, as in the controversial *Another Country*, by James Baldwin.

In this light, the literature of despair, which peels away our pretensions and the artificialities of the society in which we all are embedded, can be for us not a gangplank for faith but a springboard. □

The Way of Time

By Phyllis S. Yingling

Where is the time that used to be
out in the orchard,
down by the creek,
somewhere near the sea?
Forever past;
it cannot be reclaimed
except in memory.
Time does not pause to let us
live and relive,
over and over,
the sweet, happy hours
when days were gay with youth!

Relentlessly on it flows,
not able in itself to stop.
Mercifully on it flows,
if it could, it would not stop!
For neither does it pause to let us grovel
in the sorrow and error
of ashen yesterdays
that memory seeks to reject.
Each day, each hour, each moment
holds the key to joy or sorrow.
Time will not stop . . . Thank God . . .
but grants us fresh, new days
that may become the happy memories
of tomorrow.

An interview with John A. T. Robinson, the Church of England's bishop of Woolwich, whose book 'Honest to God' unleashed a storm of controversy on its publication three years ago—and continues as a best seller today. Often used by church discussion groups, it has been followed by two others almost as provocative: 'The New Reformation?' and 'Christian Morals Today.'

What Do We Mean by God TODAY?

By KENNETH S. BAGNELL

Assistant to the Editor, *The United Church Observer*
The United Church of Canada



Bishop Robinson (right) was interviewed by the author during two of the bishop's U.S. lecture tours.

WHEN Michael Ramsey, the Church of England's snowy-haired archbishop of Canterbury, stepped off a plane in Toronto a couple of years ago, one of the first questions waiting reporters put to him concerned his bishop of Woolwich, John A. T. Robinson, whose controversial book, *Honest to God*, already had sold more copies in a short time than any religious book ever printed.

The archbishop peered out from beneath his bushy brows and said, "He is a confused man, confusing everyone else."

Nevertheless, *Honest to God* propelled its author to sudden fame. His modest home in the working district of Blackheath, about an hour's drive from London, was nearly inundated by an avalanche of 10,000 letters. He began crisscrossing Europe and the United States, lecturing to standing-room crowds in church auditoriums and college gymnasiums. Later, looking back at those months during which his life changed irrevocably, he told me, "I began to divide history into two periods: before the book and after."

Though he wrote four books before it and two since, it is still *Honest to God* with which his name is instinctively linked. And even now, in the midst of a spate of books of radical theology, it still stands as a landmark in the whole theological revolution of the sixties. While Karl Barth called it an insipid book, most younger ministers greeted it enthusiastically. And just a few months before his death last fall, famed theologian Paul Tillich declared: "The publication of *Honest to God* was a great event in the Anglican Church. It was a theological breakthrough in a church traditionally disinterested in theology."

In his book, Bishop Robinson aired many of his doubts—not about the ultimate question of God's existence but about the language, imagery, and ideas with which the church has encased Him. He tried to dispel the popular notion of God being "up there," and argued for a concept of depth rather than height. "Theological statements," he wrote, "are not a description of the 'the highest being' but an analysis of the depths of human experience." Prevalent forms of worship, he said, are often perversions drawing people away from life. "Worship becomes a realm," he argued, "into which to withdraw from the world to 'be with God.'" He dropped the popular concept of salvation, and hung a giant question mark over much of the church's typical activity.

The man who did all this has been an Anglican priest for over 20 years. He had wanted to be a clergyman ever since his boyhood in London. He lives with his wife Ruth and their four children among the working-class people he has served in south London for the past several years.

Despite the furor which followed publication of *Honest to God* in 1963, the tenor of their lives has changed very little. One morning Stephen, a teen-age son, was skimming through the paper when he looked up and said, "Gosh, Daddy, someone has said something nice about you in the newspaper."

The bishop is a slight man, small boned and erect,

who seems to have grown tired of answering questions—especially from reporters who haven't read his books. As he speaks, his hands are in constant motion, accenting a sharp, clipped voice. On the two occasions I interviewed him, he seemed anxious to get on with it, get it over with, and be on his way. He is not unfriendly, but is clearly a man who has little time for, and less interest in, small, common conversation.

The first interview took place on a warm evening in Niagara Falls, N.Y. I drove to the campus of DeVeaux School where the bishop, on a brief lecture tour of the United States, spoke in the gymnasium. It was packed by well over 1,000 people. Afterward, we walked across the dark campus and settled in the comfort of a residence sitting room, where I began questioning him.

Q. There has been a lot of theological controversy and questioning surrounding "Honest to God." What does all this signal to you?

I think it says that underneath all the forms of dogma, of church structure and the rest, there has been a great ferment and questioning going on. Sooner or later this had to break out and bring a whole new set of questions about religion to the surface.

There is so much of this evident today that we may well be on the brink of what I would call a "new reformation." The old reformation marked the end of the old medieval world because the whole structure of theology had become hardened and ossified. The theology of the time answered questions no one was asking. Luther's achievement was to allow some of the new questions to break out and for the old Gospel to come with an answer to new questions. This is what we are seeing today. My book would not have caught on as it did if new questions were not being asked by many, many people.

Q. Why did you write the book?

In the first instance, I wrote it for myself. I happened to be laid up with a slipped disk for a couple of months. This gave me a chance to let things come to the surface, things I knew had been collecting for some time. I wanted to come to terms with them, to be honest about what I really believed. I also had a shrewd suspicion that a number of my contemporaries were asking the same questions.

So the book touched a suppressed nerve. All kinds of feelings came out, some very guilty, because people felt they were being disloyal in harboring them.

Q. What is the most fundamental question to which the book addresses itself?

I suppose the most fundamental is: What do we mean by God *today*? For most people, I think, the whole idea of God represents something that comes in right at the edge of life—if it comes in at all—and only after the really important things have been done. You turn to him in moments of desperation or death.

My purpose was to start with people where they are

strong and where they have questions, and to work out from there, discarding a good deal of the language, the words and the images, which so often make God seem as remote as the man in the moon.

Q. Your own archbishop of Canterbury has said you are a confused man confusing everyone else. What's your reply?

Well, maybe I am confused. I don't think quite as confused as all that. If by confusion you mean that one is baffled and perplexed, then I think the first piece of honesty is to admit that one is, that one doesn't know all the answers, that one doesn't know for certain what lies ahead. This seems to be precisely the position of Abraham and most of the people in the Bible.

Q. You're an Anglican bishop, presumably affirming the recitation of the creeds in worship. Do you find these really helpful?

Frankly, I think the churches—particularly the Church of England—place far too much stress on the recitation of formulae and declarations of assent. Let the historic creeds and confessions be there, in the way that title deeds and constitutions are. But we shouldn't be constantly straining men's loyalty, sincerity, and understanding by asking them to recite the words or sign on the dotted line.

Q. There are some thoughtful people—in fact some Christians—who worry that perhaps it's impossible to be a Christian in a thoroughly secular world. What do you think?

This is a big question. I am convinced quite deeply that modern man can be a Christian. But there must be a revolution in his way of thinking. The modern contemporary man cannot be a Christian if his acceptance of faith is automatically tied to certain traditional thought-forms—metaphysical and religious—against which secularization marks a decisive and final revolt.

It is not going to be easy to get rid of these thought-forms, such as the lines which say, "There's a friend for little children, above the bright blue sky." But to keep on using language, perhaps not as obviously outmoded as that line but nevertheless confusing, is to invite obsolescence.

Q. Then where does 20th-century man find God?

For most people today, I think it is most possible to find God in the area of personal relationships. Sometimes it is in the pursuit of justice and equality for others. And the point at which God impinges comes when a man is prepared to say, "Here I recognize a claim upon my life to which I must give myself, come what may." And this kind of dedication—and discovery—one sees very obviously today in the dedication which many people are prepared to give to the racial question.

Q. Is there any real difference between the agnostic who holds positive ethical values and the Christian?

Yes, I believe there is. I would feel that the Christian faith gives me a dimension of hope, faith, and charity which leads me beyond anything that is purely social and philanthropic concern. If I'm asked what keeps me going, what makes my life tick, I must say it is because I feel myself claimed by a power which just won't let me go. Life would be far more comfortable for me if I weren't a Christian. I'd never invent the kind of God I feel my life is a response to.

Q. There are large numbers of people in the pews of all our churches who are very upset by the kind of radical theology that you represent. What would you say to them?

Well, I think the church should be a community of faith and love in which these people are held and cared for within the life of the church. Let's be honest: we're all in a state of being disturbed by some things in life, and we need the sort of constructive fellowship and understanding the church is supposed to give.

Q. If you were asked to speculate about the future of the church in, say, the next 10 years, what would you say?

A long-range forecast of almost anything in the church is extremely hazardous. I certainly won't presume to tell Americans where they are headed. Undoubtedly the next decade will be a time of considerable disturbance, where many of the old landmarks will fall and some people will feel utterly lost. At the same time, I feel we shall find a new way, and in the process experience a very exciting and creative period.

I DID NOT see the bishop again for a full year. Then one day while I was in New York City, I learned that he would be in town to speak to Union Theological Seminary students and pay a visit to his old and ailing acquaintance, Reinhold Niebuhr. An interview was arranged for the following day.

The next morning awaiting the bishop's arrival for our conversation, I stood at a window overlooking the campus, mulling over the questions I wanted to ask. The bishop's newest book, *The New Reformation?*, had just been released, and I hadn't yet picked it up. I was making a few notes when, just below the window, striding across the lawn with its first hint of green, came Bishop Robinson. He greeted me perfunctorily, recalled our last meeting, and then sat himself comfortably to await the first question.

Q. I see your latest book—"The New Reformation?"—is being reviewed widely. Tell me, what's it about?

It's concerned with the question, "So what for the church?" I look not just at the church's doctrine but also at its structure and organization. I'm suggesting that we think through the consequences of really trying to be radical. And I'm saying that we should start from a new point in many of our affairs in the world, instead of merely trying to take over the structures we've inherited from the past.

Q. What does that mean for the local church?

It's going to mean a whole lot of very different things in our different situations. I think that in England, in some ways, we are a lot nearer death in the church—and therefore, I hope, a good deal nearer resurrection than many on the North American continent. In fact, I feel more hopeful in a way about the English situation precisely because some of the old structures of church life and work are cracking.

The facade within which the church has lived has progressively insulated it against the world. So it stands over against secular society, instead of really becoming the leaven and the salt inside it. But some of these shells are cracking—in Britain, at least—and now the real engagement between the church and the world may be able to take place.

Q. I read an article in "The London Observer" by one of your own young priests, Nick Stacey, in which he recounted his experiences in trying to jazz up one of your church institutions. The article was called "The Failure of a Mission." Maybe the new techniques don't work, either.

Well now, I think he was saying that when he went to that parish he tried, as it were, to titillate the old, jazz it up, doing everything he could to make it bright and relevant and give it a new image. His point in the article was that if anyone thinks this is going to get people back in the church—which most people in England really hope is the object of the exercise—then he's got a big think coming. Frankly, they've had it.

The way forward is not to try and maintain the old. Let it fall in if necessary. Instead, let us get inside the secular world, let us be priests, workmen, and so on; and let us from within another's house try to serve and influence rather than simply build up our own programs and institutions.

Q. You also have printed a slim paperback called "Christian Morals Today," and in it you speak of "the new morality." This is a pretty oblique term to some people. How do you define it?

The old morality offered certain prepackaged answers to moral questions in terms of certain codes, certain commandments, certain absolutes. These are always right, it said; others are always wrong.

Now this sort of rigid, codified morality, I personally think, hasn't a chance in the modern world. If you say to modern man, in effect, "Take it or leave it," then he leaves it. Unless we're going to sell out entirely, it seems to me that one has to begin again from the other end, starting not so much from revelation as from relationships.

We should begin by asking what it really means to take a person seriously, and have a deep respect and regard for a person. And out of this one tries to find the answers which, for our time and our situation, represent what the claims and demands of love really require. And these are constantly changing so that no one can ever produce a sort of fixed code in human relationships which will always tell you, like an alma-

nae does, what relationship is right and what is wrong.

Q. Applying this to the sexual ethic, then, you would say that interpersonal relationships and responsibilities are more central than rules?

Yes. It is a question of what it means to really take persons seriously. So much of our sexual ethic is so utterly superficial. I don't want to say, "You can do anything at all." I want people to face what it really means to take another person seriously as a person. If we really ask these questions seriously, we may well come out with traditional answers. I'm not saying we shall or shall not. But even though the ends are open, I don't consider this a sellout.

Q. It is conceivable, then, that in certain conditions, premarital sexual relationships may be in accord with your understanding of the Christian ethic.

Probably there are situations in which people can quite responsibly feel that this may be the right thing for them. I'm not judging these situations in advance, and certainly don't want to be put in the position of saying this thing is always right or that thing is always wrong. Rather, I want people to wrestle through the responsibilities they have in each instance.

Q. You make considerable use of the theology of the martyred German theologian, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, especially his phrase "religionless Christianity." Would you define it?

Bonhoeffer started from the idea that, as a result of the whole process of secularization in our modern world, the premise that man was naturally and instinctively religious is no longer true. Secular man no longer makes a reservation for God in some compartment of his life. And as long as we continue to say that God comes to us only when we are in the sanctuary, then gradually he is going to be squeezed out of modern life. We shall be engaged in a sort of rear-guard action to keep God on the map somewhere.

I think the strongest position is to say that indeed this God of the gaps, found only at the edges of life, is being squeezed out. Indeed, this is what Christianity teaches us—that he is not to be found only at the circumference of life or in some tiny sanctuary area of it. Instead, he is the Lord of all secular, social, political, and economic relationships—of all of life.

Q. Then you don't fear the spread of secularization?

No, I don't. I think this is basically like the development of modern science—something we've got to accept as a sort of neutral fact of the world in which we live. In fact, Harvey Cox, in his book *The Secular City*, makes a very strong case that, far from this being the enemy of the Gospel, it is in a real sense the fruit of it. This, I believe, is the context in which we have to preach the Gospel today. □

Bishop Robinson's books *Honest to God* (paper, \$1.65), *The New Reformation?* (paper, \$1.45), *Christian Morals Today* (paper, 65¢), and *Liturgy Coming to Life* (paper, \$1.45), are published by Westminster Press. *The Secular City* (paper, \$1.45) by Harvey Cox is published by Macmillan.—EDITORS

PEACE CORPS Volunteers

... The James Bragoniers

DURING its first decade of independence Tunisia, northernmost country in Africa, has been struggling to become a modern nation. Leaders of its 4 million people, troubled by poverty, lack of education, and an almost completely agrarian economy, were among the first to ask the United States for Peace Corps volunteers. Among 215 corps workers there today are Methodists Jim and Connie Bragonier.

Says Jim: "With Tunisian independence came the necessity for technicians and middle-level manpower—just what the Peace Corps has to offer."

The Bragoniers joined up after Jim completed five years of architectural training at Iowa State University, where he was president of the Wesley Foundation. It was there that he met Connie, then a Lutheran. And it was at the foundation, during deep discussions of mission and service, that Connie and Jim decided the Peace Corps was

Jim Bragonier, a 1964 graduate in architecture at Iowa State, tackles structural problems in Tunisia, like this one of converting a church into government offices.



for them. The atmosphere must have been magnetic, for during a four-year period 20 members of the Iowa State Wesley Foundation became corps volunteers.

The Bragoniers spent an intensive three months in training at the University of Utah, where their studies included Arabic, French, and culture and history of Tunisia. Then they headed for Tunis, Tunisia's capital city, to begin 21 months of service.

"We were very well received," Connie remembers, "because the volunteers before us had really broken the ice and proved their worth. Tunisia is very much open to the Westerner and his way of doing things. Some of the charm will be lost in the transition to Western ways, and they know it. But they accept it as necessary."

Jim's architectural skills were teamed with those of other Peace Corps architects (about 55 are working in Tunisia), in planning and executing office buildings, schools, libraries, and houses.

Connie, who majored in home economics and child development and then taught in an Iowa high school for 2½ years, has had several assignments in Tunisia. Her work started at a center where 140 delinquent girls were being trained for jobs. Then, early in 1965, Con-



In Tunisia, Jim's skills were immediately pressed into service, along with those of other Peace Corps architects, to help plan housing and public buildings. Here he checks as workers polish a floor.

nie became the first director of the nation's first home for unwed mothers. She dug into this assignment with gusto.

"It serves a real need," she explains. "Most of the girls are either orphans or have been rejected by their families, so they have no place to live."

The center, located on a farm about 10 miles from Tunis, provides a home where 16 girls, ages 14 to 30, can live with their babies instead of giving them up.

At the same time, they have a

chance to learn housekeeping and job skills and to earn some money from farm work.

Several of the girls, almost all of whom are poor and uneducated, have married local farmers. One of these is Nebiha whose father, when he found out she was pregnant, told her to leave home and never come back. A willing worker, but a quiet and lonely girl when she first entered the center, Nebiha's outlook changed dramatically after one of the farmers from the community came to ask to marry her. Connie's

Connie Bragonier (center), first director of a pioneering home for unwed mothers, walks with some of the girls.





An evening away from their work finds Connie and Jim sharing their experiences with the Rev. and Mrs. Marston Speight, Methodist missionaries, who have become fast friends of the Bragoniers.

co-worker gladly made all the arrangements.

"She's a changed girl now, obviously very happy," says Connie, who has visited her since. Then she adds, "This is the ideal happy ending here."

For the majority of the girls, the results have not yet been so ideal, but at least they are given basic skills so that they may hope to eke out a living without having to resort to prostitution.

"Providing for the needs of 16 girls and their babies is definitely very involved," says Connie. "When they come to the center, they often have no concept even of how to keep house. They also tend to lack social skills and methods to solve problems. Simple problems frustrate them to the point of violent action, and they react on a very basic level to just about everything. My job has been constant teaching—formally in classes and informally outside of them."

The Peace Corps philosophy is to get things going, then turn them over to competent local people. And so it was decided, says Connie,

Before the home for unwed mothers was opened, girls like these shown with Connie, disowned by their families, could hope to live only as prostitutes.

"that, considering all the political and legal aspects, a Tunisian rather than an American should be director of the center." Having made that decision, Connie again moved on to a new assignment—this time as social program coordinator for 16 co-operatives.

Jim, meanwhile, has worked steadily for the Tunisian office of public works, supervising construction of public buildings, designing others, drawing up working documents for still others.

He has helped, too, with urban planning. "The concept of planning," he explains, "is fairly new

here and not easy to integrate with the attitude of *inshalla*, which means 'God willing, it will happen.' That has left an awful lot to God."

He thinks his most important contribution may be in working with Tunisian leaders on plans for future buildings.

"A municipal official and I will sit down together and discuss exactly what a particular structure will provide," he says, "and generally this is the first time the exact use has been thought out. Sometimes a building has only political importance, and the official hasn't considered more pressing needs of the people."

One of the architectural projects that has interested Jim is the remodeling of former Roman Catholic churches into government buildings. When the French protectorate over Tunisia ended in 1956, the churches formerly used by the French remained empty, because most Tunisians are Muslims. With the approval of the Vatican, these churches are being converted for use as public offices, museums, and other purposes.

When their Peace Corps service ends this summer, Jim and Connie will leave Tunisia with a real sense of gratitude toward the Tunisians for friendships made and lessons learned.

"This experience is fabulous!" says Connie. "Learning about another culture makes you more sensitive to many aspects of your own that you've always taken for granted." —CAROL M. DOIG





ALL Life Is From GOD

By **VICTOR PAUL FURNISH**
Assistant Professor of New Testament
Perkins School of Theology, Dallas

ALL life is from God.
God is love.
The meaning and goal of life is love.

In creating life, God gives: of himself, of his love.
Love means to give.
Giving is the meaning and goal of life: to give of oneself, of one's love, in service to others, which is our thanksgiving to God for the life and the love he himself has given.

Love is not grasping, but giving.
Love does not mean to have, and hold, and keep in any selfish sense.

Love means to give—in the selfless sense.
Love must learn how to give, and to give up.

Death is a giving up.
Death is a giving up of the gift of life.
For life is always a gift, a being given: a gift of God's love.
Therefore, death reminds us that life is a gift from God, and not of our own contriving.
Death is a precious moment, for it is a moment of love.

Death can be a revelation of love, if in the experience of death we recognize and acknowledge the giving love of God.
And give him thanks for what he has bestowed.

Jesus died a senseless and absurd death.
It was not a heroic death, not a martyr's death, not a serene death, not a death for which others were prepared.

It was a giving up of the most radical kind.
But it was a giving up to God, from whom his life had come.

And in the giving and in the giving up, there was love.
Love must learn how to give, and how to give up.
In Jesus' death there is life, because it was an event of love.

And love is the meaning and goal of life.

How does love learn to give and to give up?
Love never fails, never falls, never falters; but love always suffers.

And love learns in suffering.
It becomes strong in suffering.
Giving and giving up is always suffering, for we prefer always to grasp, and to hold, and to want to keep.
Therefore, to give oneself in love—in service to others—always involves suffering.

It hurts to give and to give up.

And yet precisely in the giving up, precisely in the parting, there can come a recognition, luminous in the soul, that all of this was first given to us by God.

In death as in birth, in the giving up as in the being given, one sees the hand and the heart—the love—of God.

Birth is a making-new. Death can be a time of renewal.
A renewal in love, as one newly perceives the meaning, the ground, and the goal of life: to give, and to give up.
To love.

To learn how to love is to learn how to suffer, to learn how to part with one's self and with one's dearest possessions.

And yet suffering love is always victorious, never defeated.
Love does not fail, or fall, or falter.

Because the giving up of love is a giving up to God, a giving up to life.

Love is always resurrection, renewal, new life.

When death is a moment of love, a recognition and acknowledgment of who God is and how he comes to us,

Then death itself is a moment of life, and a movement of life to God. □

Simple experiences of family life bring back words and phrases from the past,
and with them comes an unexpected revelation of the universal qualities of mothering.

Don't Forget Your Galoshes!

By PATIENCE H. ZAWADSKY

IT WAS a warm spring evening. On the front porch, my brother, just back from Korea, and I chatted.

"You'll never guess the last thing Mom said to me before I went overseas," he said.

"I know," I replied quickly. "She told you to be careful!"

We both burst out laughing. Ever since we had been old enough to open the front door, Mom had been calling after us: "Be careful!" It had become a standing joke.

"I wonder," he mused, "if she really thinks it will make any difference."

"Of course not," I smiled. "It's just like all of Mom's expressions, a habit." And again we laughed.

A dozen years have flown by, and once again it is spring. My son John, nine years old, ambles over to the front door. "So long, Mom," he says, waving his baseball mitt in my direction. "I'm going now."

I nod. His voice is casual, his movements easy. Yet I can see the worry in his brown eyes, feel the nervous tremor below the surface of his words, the dreams and hopes that flicker for an instant on his smile. He is going to ride his bike across town to the park where he will try out for the Little League. He is wondering whether he will make the team.

And in spite of his fears, he is also dreaming of the day when he will wear the striped suit and red cap and step up to bat to save the game in the final inning.

I can see it all in his face, but what can he see in mine? He does not guess that I will be asking myself: Will he be so wrapped up in his dreams that he forgets the traffic lights? Will the coaches fail

to see, as I can see, that he has the makings of a fine little ballplayer? If he does make the team, will he be thoughtlessly cruel to those who lost out? If he doesn't, will he feel it's the end of his world?

I want to hold him close for a minute, to kiss him and tell him that no matter what happens I will love him and be proud of him. But he is too old for hugs. He is a young man, anxious to be off and begin his competition with the world.

"So long," I reply. Then, just before the door slams: "Be careful!"

ONCE when I was seven, I overslept and had to be called three times for school. Mother, of course, had been up since before seven, cooking breakfast, packing lunches. But of course, Mother did not mind getting up early and cleaning the house, and washing and ironing and cooking. Mothers, unlike me, had nothing better to do with their time.

Hurriedly I pulled on my clean underwear, which had been arranged neatly for me in my drawer, slipped on my starched petticoat and dress, hung for me in my closet.

"Where are my shoes?" I called downstairs, a little annoyed at not finding them under my feet.

"Look in your closet," Mom called back. I gave a quick glance at the closet. "I can't find them!"

Mother hurried up the stairs, crossed swiftly to the closet and picked up my shoes. "If they had teeth," she informed me sternly, "they'd bite you."

I shook my head. "Well, who put the stupid shoes there? Not me."

It has been a long time since I was seven years old. It is 8 a.m.,

and my seven-year-old, Paul, is still asleep. "Get out of bed!" I call up to him as I put his hot cereal on the table. "You'll be late for school."

I, of course, have been up for hours, but I still do not feel wide awake. I was up late last night, ironing pants and shirts and dresses, putting clothes away in drawers and closets. Another cup of coffee might help, but I can't drink it until the children are off to school.

I hear bumping as Paul tumbles out of bed and starts to get dressed. "Hey, Mom!" he yells. "Where did you put my socks?"

"In the drawer with your underwear," I tell him, thinking as I pour tall glasses of milk that I really should make the children put their own clothes away. But then if they did, they'd never find them.

"I don't see them," Paul calls again. Glancing at the clock, I dash upstairs and snatch the socks out of the drawer. "If they had teeth," I snap, "they'd bite you!"

I WAS 14, and it was my first formal dance. The unbelievable new blue taffeta formal was hanging on my bedroom door. The corsage of pink roses lay waiting in its white box in the refrigerator. My hair had been set, my nails had been polished, and I was just about to eat a spoonful of dessert when the telephone rang.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mother to an agitated voice at the other end of the line. "I'm sorry, too. Yes, of course she'll understand . . ."

The ice cream was halfway between the dish and my lips. I stared at Mother in horror. "I'm afraid, dear," she told me so very gently,

"that William has the mumps."

It was the end of the world! Everything ready for the most important night in my life, and my escort had to get the mumps! I ran, weeping, to my room.

Mother found me lying across my bed and put her arms around me. A faint smile played around her mouth as she told me: "I know you won't believe this now, but years from now you'll laugh over tonight."

"Oh, no, I won't!" I sobbed, angry at her lack of feeling. "I'll never laugh. Never, never, never!"

My daughter is only five. It is the day of her birthday party. The cake with pink frosting flowers is standing in the refrigerator. Her new velvet dress is hanging in her closet. The soda pop and prizes are ready for this afternoon's guests. The big day is here at last, after all her waiting, and planning, and longing.

"Happy birthday!" I call, as she hops out of bed. Then: "Oh, my goodness, Becky! What are all those red spots on your face? Don't tell me you have the measles!"

The guests are called on the phone, the party dress stays on its hanger. Becky lies in bed crying.

"There'll be other birthday parties," I tell her, but she shakes her head, tears rolling down her spotted cheeks.

"No!" she cries. "It was supposed to be today. I wish I was dead!"

Without warning, the picture of a half-eaten dish of ice cream pops into my mind along with the word "mumps." In spite of myself, I find I am smiling as my mother did.

"I know you won't believe this, Becky," I tell my daughter. "But someday you'll laugh over today."

YES, MY mother's words and phrases keep coming back, rising instinctively to my own lips.

"If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times. . . ."

But this time it is my son John who has slammed the door, not my childhood self kicking the door shut behind me.

"I only have two hands!"

Now it is Paul who wants me to sew a button on while I am whipping cream, not the seven-year-old I was, demanding that my sash be tied while my mother was in the midst of beating a cake.

"Mind your manners."

Tonight it is my daughter, not I, who slouches over the table, stuffing food too quickly into her mouth.

"Stand up straight."

"Look both ways before you cross the street."

"Don't forget to write . . ."

It was early fall, and the rain fell in a steady drizzle. I was 17, and I was leaving for college. My brother waited outside in the car already filled with my luggage and belongings. "Hurry up!" he called, "I haven't got all day."

I hugged Dad. Then I turned to Mother. "Good-bye, Mom," I said. "I'll call you when I get to the dorm."

"Good-bye." Mom pulled me to her and kissed me warmly. "Take care of yourself now."

"I will," I nodded, eager to be

off now to this new life, this new adventure. Kissing them both again, lightly on the cheeks, I rushed out to the waiting car and hopped in. My brother started the engine. Then suddenly my mother called from the house: "Just a minute, Patty! You forgot your galoshes!"

Minutes later as we pulled away from the curb I began to laugh.

"Can you imagine," I giggled, "here I am going off to college and all she can think of is that I forgot my galoshes!"

Once again it is early fall, and the rain falls gently. My little girl, with new shoes and scrubbed face, stands at the front door beside her brothers. It is her first day of school.

"Good-bye, Mommy," she says, standing on tiptoe to kiss my cheek.

"Good-bye, dear," I say, looking down at her and fighting back the tears. She is leaving the house now to enter, for the first time, a strange new world of other children, other women. It is at once a beginning and an end. I want to hold her for a moment and whisper: "I don't want you to leave yet. You are too tiny. But since you must leave, take care. Don't let them hurt you. Don't let them change you. Remember, you will always be my little girl."

But I can't say all this. She wouldn't understand. It will be many years before she understands, all the years it takes to make a woman, a wife, a mother.

She walks out with her brothers. But then: "Just a minute, Becky!" I call after her, almost harshly. "You forgot your galoshes." □

Recalling the "lost shoes" incident of her childhood, the author—now a mother—discovers history often repeats itself.



Bundled against Rome's late-fall chill, Protestant observer Robert McAfee Brown leaves one of the final sessions of the Vatican II Council. A Presbyterian minister, he teaches religion at Stanford University and is recognized by both Protestants and Catholics as one of America's foremost ecumenical spokesmen.



VATICAN II: *What Does the Future Hold?*

In four sessions since 1961, the council opened many doors in Roman Catholicism. Still unanswered, says this seasoned Protestant observer, is who now will walk through them, and how fast. While foreseeing tension between Catholic progressives and conservatives, he declares that Protestants must share responsibility for exploring new areas of ecumenical co-operation encouraged by the council. From these encounters, he hopes, will come increasing recognition by laymen of the scandal of our disunity.

By ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

DURING MASS at the final working session of the Second Vatican Council last December, the sun came out from behind the sullen clouds outside St. Peter's Church and a shaft of sunlight, bursting through the windows, suddenly illumined the altar and the celebrants grouped around it. Dressed as they were in white, the celebrants were spotlighted before those present with an almost incredible intensity.

Had the clouds parted half an hour earlier or later, the shaft of light would have missed the altar entirely. Coming precisely when it did, the light gave an almost ethereal impression of divine approbation to the council's ending.

Whatever interpretation one puts on it, even the most hardened observer could not avoid the feeling that everything seemed to be conspiring to help the council end well after four years of stormy travel across troubled waters. And in Rome, where everybody loves a symbol, that shaft of pure, white light was almost the equivalent of a rainbow over the barque of Peter.

While the council opened many doors,¹ the question now is: Who will walk through them, and how fast? What are the prospects for all of us, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, now that the council is over?

Renewal—With Tension

We can expect various Roman Catholic responses to the Council. For a large number, the council has come as a genuine act of liberation. Such Catholics, long worried by the anachronisms and irrelevancies of much "official" Catholicism, have discovered that the church can indeed purge itself, shed many practices that are not central to the Gospel but instead obscure it, and begin a new life of greater openness and sensitivity—not only to what is best in Catholicism's own past but to what is best in the life of modern man and contemporary culture.

These Catholics—laymen, priests, and bishops—will take the council documents as charters of renewal, and will press forward not only in whatever ways the documents suggest but also (and just as importantly) in whatever ways the council documents do not specifically forbid. With this group, most Protestant observers would say, lies the real future of the Roman Catholic Church.

But there are other Catholics who view everything that the council represents with suspicion if not fear. Non-Catholics must try to understand their plight. For them, the church always has stood as the one clear bulwark of truth and security in a rapidly changing and terrifying world. Whatever else went by the boards, they could count on the unchanging church to remain steadfast and constant.

Now, quite suddenly, they find the church itself is

changing. Things long assumed as axiomatic now are challenged, if not discarded. Whether the changes are in things peripheral or things central does not really concern these Catholics, for they never have been taught to distinguish between peripheral and central truths. At the moment, for instance, the doctrine of "collegiality" may bother them much less than the likelihood that the Friday abstinence from meat will be revoked, even though the former is infinitely more important than the latter. The point is that each represents change in an institution they have always believed would stand fast against all change.

So the logic of resistance follows: if Friday abstinence goes, perhaps the ban against artificial means of contraception will go next, and then papal infallibility will be reinterpreted, and finally the whole edifice will collapse. This kind of fear is undeniably present, not only among laymen but among bishops as well. In the face of it, we can expect a series of rearguard actions in some quarters of the church, the throwing up of new ecclesiastical fortifications to guard against the onslaught of change.

The tension between these two groups—those who welcome the council and those who fear it—may well generate the most important intramural struggle within Catholicism for the next generation. Non-Catholics must try to understand the fears of the second group as well as the hopes of the first, even when our Protestant points of contact will be mainly with those, for example, who seek to extend the council's teaching on religious liberty, rather than with those who deplore the new teaching and want to play it down.

Part of our ecumenical responsibility as Protestants, therefore, will be to inform ourselves about the precise contents of the council's documents, for there will be many times in the next few years when we will want to cite conciliar teaching to our Catholic friends who wish to remain in the pre-Vatican II era of Catholicism.

In the area of possibilities for Catholic reform and renewal, then, there are almost as many opportunities and openings as Catholics themselves care to exploit. Our task will not be to try to make such Catholics "more Protestant," but to urge them to become "more Catholic"—that is, to live in terms of what the Second Vatican Council has taught, rather than only in terms of what the First Vatican Council or the Council of Trent taught.

The Prod to Protestants

It has to be said with all directness (even bluntness) that as yet there are no clear signs on the horizon that we Protestants are willing to engage in as radical a program of reform (from within our presuppositions) as Roman Catholicism has begun to engage in (from within its presuppositions). Even if the council fathers may not be aware of all the forces their votes have unleashed, those forces have in fact been unleashed, and dealing with them in creative fashion is going to make the next decades exceedingly fruitful ones for Roman Catholicism.

Where are the comparable movements of reform

¹ An *Interchurch Feature*. This article also is appearing in these other denominational magazines: *Church and Home* (Evangelical United Brethren Church); *The Episcopalian* (Protestant Episcopal Church); *Presbyterian Life* (United Presbyterian Church); and *The United Church Observer* (United Church of Canada).—YOUR EDITORS

¹ See *The Vatican Council: A Bench Mark for Protestants, Too*, February, page 3.—EDITORS

and renewal within Protestantism? Our task is not simply to watch what the Catholics are doing, either approvingly or frowningly, but to let their concern for reform spur us to a similar Protestant concern.

An agenda for Protestant reformation could be the subject of an entire book, let alone a few paragraphs of a single article. But we will have failed to hear a voice of the Holy Spirit in the actions of Vatican II unless we are spurred—nay, forced—by those actions to a radical reassessment of our own life as churches, both in relation to one another and in relation to the modern world.

The baleful irrelevance of our denominationalism is only a single case in point. That we can preach to the world that all men are one in Christ, and at the same time demonstrate daily our own inability to become one in him, is only one striking instance of the distance between our profession and our performance. Plodding as the exercise may seem, we have no option but to find ways of cutting through the gordian knot that keeps us denominationally divided from one another.

Along with concern for tidying up our intramural life must go a new concern for finding ways to reach out to the unbelieving world in its desperate need—and learning from the world about our own need.

It is a shocking indictment of the irrelevance we have managed to create in our churches that when men today grapple with the insistent and unavoidable issues—poverty, hunger, war, delinquency—they do not instinctively turn to the churches for help.

Instead, when men are coping with racial injustice, they see segregated churches compounding that injustice. When men grapple with starving areas of the world, they find rich churches back home spending three times as much on themselves as on those elsewhere. When citizens become perturbed about foreign policy, they find most churchmen giving a clear (if at times reluctant) blessing to almost all decisions emanating from Washington.

This list could easily be extended to include other areas where Protestant reform and renewal are crying needs. Indeed, one could assert that for every item of business on the Vatican II agenda, there is a Protestant counterpart. A good exercise in urgency and humility would be to go through the box score of Vatican II accomplishments and try to sketch out the corresponding Protestant needs: seminary reform . . . rethinking the meaning of the church . . . the relation of Scripture and tradition . . . political involvement . . . liturgical reform . . . the relation of the church to the modern world . . .

Ecumenical Co-operation

It has become a popular Protestant ploy to point out that Roman Catholics are Johnny-come-latelies to the ecumenical scene. There is a sense, of course, in which this is true. If one dates the beginnings of Protestant ecumenical self-consciousness from the 1910 Edinburgh (Scotland) conference that was a progenitor of the World Council of Churches, we can go on to point out that a 1928 papal encyclical decried the whole idea and that Catholic ecumenists in the 1940s and even the 1950s frequently found themselves in

trouble. Not until the pontificate of John XXIII did Catholic ecumenism really emerge from the underground and become an accepted part of Catholic life.

However, if broadly based Catholic ecumenism is of relatively recent origin, the Roman Catholic Church has made up in present ecumenical impetus whatever it may have lacked in past ecumenical experience. One can speak of a remarkable degree of ecumenical escalation, and observe that it seems to be increasing in geometric rather than arithmetic proportions.

The clearest index of what now is possible from the Catholic side is the council's decree *On Ecumenism*, introduced during the second session of the council and promulgated at the third. The document cites internal reform and renewal as the precondition of ecumenical outreach, and makes clear that the Roman Catholic Church must accept its share of blame for the divisions that have fractured the Christian church.

It then suggests three particular areas of ecumenical co-operation. Not only Catholics but Protestants and Orthodox as well must (in the best sense) exploit these three areas as means of helping to heal at least some of the breaches of past centuries. They are:

- 1. *Common dialogue.* The conciliar decree not only suggests but encourages the formation of Catholic and non-Catholic study groups. The secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity has been charged with producing a directory that will help in the establishment of such groups. This opportunity for common study and discussion is not to be limited to priests and theologians, but should exist within lay circles as well.

Those who wish to form such groups can presently take advantage of an excellent handbook, edited and published under joint Catholic and Protestant sponsorship. It is *Living Room Dialogues*,² edited by Fr. William B. Greenspun, C.S.P., and the Rev. William A. Norgren of the National Council of Churches staff. This book contains suggestions for organizing groups, articles to be read by participants, questions for discussion and worship suggestions. It is made to order for those who want to start a Catholic-Protestant dialogue and are not sure how to proceed.

But since merely talking is not enough, the conciliar decree *On Ecumenism* goes on to encourage . . .

- 2. *Common action.* There are many areas, it points out, in which Christians can work together for social justice, for the alleviation of human suffering, and for the bettering of man's condition. Those who are unsure of their theological underpinnings may find that common action is their best *entrée* into things ecumenical. For while Protestants and Catholics may disagree about certain doctrines, this does not preclude their being united in certain forms of action. As *Living Room Dialogues* puts it:

"We do not need to agree about the Dogma of the Assumption to agree that all men are of equal worth to God and that the color of one's skin is an irrelevance to God and to those who call themselves God's chil-

² *Living Room Dialogues*, © 1965 by the Paulist Press and the National Council of Churches of Christ in the USA (Paulist Press, paperback, \$1). Quote used by permission.—EDITORS

dren. Even while we explore our doctrinal divisions, we can experience our civic unity. . . .

"It is a cheap evasion to say that we cannot share civic responsibility together at the city-planner's table because we cannot yet share bread and wine together at the Lord's Table. If we cannot demonstrate our solidarity in Christ by our united action against racial and economic injustice, we have little cause to believe that the world will take much notice of what we say or do elsewhere."²

These two areas of ecumenical co-operation—common dialogue and common action—are fairly clearcut. The third is not yet as clearcut, although it has become clearer even since the decree *On Ecumenism* was first promulgated. This is the area of . . .

- 3. *Common worship.* The decree handles this rather gingerly, yet it does open up various possibilities for worship in which both Catholics and Protestants can participate. It is agreed on both sides that in our sacramental life we cannot yet join without proclaiming a false sign. But in prayer together, in the hearing and expounding of Scripture, in the singing of hymns, and in joint offerings, we can show forth that measure of unity we already have, and remind ourselves of the lack of full unity that still remains to scandalize us.

The impetus for joint worship was given a tremendous boost by the service in which the Pope and the bishops and the non-Catholic observers at the council participated just before the end of the final session. Furthermore, many groups are working on orders of worship in which both Catholics and Protestants can participate. Indeed, one notable feature of *Living Room Dialogues* is that it includes provision for worship as well as discussion. The Presbyterian-Roman Catholic dialogue group is at present working on a booklet of worship services for ecumenical occasions.

It is my feeling that this opening toward a measure of common worship may turn out to be one of the most important areas of ecumenical advance—much more so than appears at present. For to those who have shared in a measure of common worship, the barriers to fuller participation become more and more grievous.

This fact became particularly apparent to me during the closing weeks of the Vatican Council. Almost every evening I went to an English mass, once celebrated by a number of Roman Catholic priests. I could participate fully in about 90 percent of the service, joining in the hymns, the responses, the prayers, even on one occasion reading the epistle. When the "peace" was given, an embrace passed in turn from each worshiper to the next, accompanied by the words, "The peace of Christ be with you," I could both receive and give it. But when it came to the Communion itself, I could not receive the Body of Christ.

There is no time in my life when I have felt closer to my Roman Catholic brethren than at those services—and also no time when I have felt more cut off. For there is something terribly wrong about the fact that we can give and receive the peace of Christ but not the Body of Christ, and those who have given and received the first find themselves filled with a "holy discontent" that must remain until the second also is a reality.

A Recurring Refrain

It is not only the decree *On Ecumenism* that fosters ecumenical co-operation. For the theme is both implicit and explicit in many other conciliar actions. The constitution on *The Church in the Modern World* and the decree on *Missionary Activity* both refer explicitly to the need for greater co-operation between Catholics and non-Catholics on all levels. The decree on *Religions Liberty* is the now-established presupposition for ecumenical outreach. The decree on *Priestly Training* indicates the need for more involvement between seminarians and non-Catholics. The decree on *The Apostolate of the Laity* does the same for laymen.

Most dramatic was the very moving ceremony on the last working day of the council, when the Roman Catholic Church and the Orthodox Church mutually lifted 900-year-old bans of excommunication from each other. This symbolized the fact that in reaching out to the separated brethren, both Catholics and non-Catholics are willing to acknowledge past errors in penitence, and to set things straight for the future.

It may be that the healing of the wounds in the Body of Christ, occasioned by our divisions, will come not so much from the pope and the bishops and the theologians, or even from Protestant and Orthodox church leaders. Perhaps the strongest impetus will come from quite another direction—from laymen and women who may not be well versed in all the intricacies of theology, but have an innate sense that to be divided in Christ is an impossible contradiction.

The matter was put with disarming simplicity by a Roman Catholic waiter at the Pensione Castello, where many of the Protestant and Orthodox observers stayed during the four council sessions. His exchange with Father Frank Norris, a Catholic priest translating for the observers, went something like this:

Gigi: Father, these observers are very good men, aren't they?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: They all believe in God?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: There is only one God?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: So they believe in the same God we believe in?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: They all believe in Christ?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: There is only one Christ?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: So they believe in the same Christ we believe in?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: They have all been baptized?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: There is only one Baptism?

Fr. Norris: Yes.

Gigi: Then, Father, I do not understand. Why the divisions?

We must be made increasingly uncomfortable in the face of that question, until we have done whatever God calls upon us to do to render the question unnecessary. □



At the turn of the century, intrepid missionaries brought Christianity
—and more—to remote logging camps of the Pacific Northwest.

PREACHER *on the Cowcatcher*

"Preacher on the cowcatcher," and we knew there would be services in the clubhouse that evening.

One missionary, I recall, brought a portable pump organ. Along with *Brighten the Corner*, he gave us Bach and Beethoven. Once, when word came that our missionary had drowned while on a family outing, we felt a real loss. Finally Squeaky piped hopefully, "Maybe they'll send another one."

They did—one who played his music on a small Gramophone, and even brought us two dozen children's books. Those of us who knew how, read them aloud until the other kids either learned to read or memorized them.

This new home missionary was a born teacher. Once when he had gathered us in a corner of the cookshack—where Squeaky could listen as he worked—cockroaches ran riot. Before, our classification of any crawling thing had been "a damned bug," but he told us this was Orthoptera, and that fossils of cockroaches showed them little changed from the insects we knew, proving it one of God's most enduring creations. He caught one and spread its wings for us to see the iridescent beauty beneath.

When he came again, there was a small microscope in his pack, and he showed us unfathomed perfection in these pests. He placed a hair on the slide, and as we took turns staring at its detail, he told us that the hairs of our heads are numbered.

When the microscope was given to Squeaky's keeping, he spent every spare minute staring at leaves, bugs, and blades of grass. "A miracle—a miracle," he muttered over and over again.

The wife of another missionary was a trained nurse. Moved with compassion by Squeaky's stunted little body, she brought him a bottle of cod-liver oil. With all of us to witness, Squeaky downed the nauseous stuff, and soon we saw another miracle. His twisted body began to grow and straighten.

It was the missionary's wife who wondered why unschooled children in the camps couldn't ride on the logging trains to a two-room grade school down the line. She wondered why schedules couldn't be

altered to conform with school hours and why the school districts couldn't reimburse the logging companies for the inconvenience?

She took her question all the way to the state legislature. In those days, pregnant women did not appear in public, and her condition could not be hidden. Perhaps the lawmakers were so embarrassed that they granted her request to get her out of sight. Whatever the reason, a spur line of the old Chehalis, Cowlitz, and Cascade Railroad (affectionately referred to in the logging camps as the "Sickem") altered its schedule, and we found ourselves in school at the village of Onalaska.

It was not a happy experience. In some areas, a camp child would be ahead of his age group; in others, far behind. Nor did the teachers welcome us and the problems we presented. But we did not quit. If we stayed, other camp children could attend school, beginning in the first grade. The missionaries themselves had given us this sense of destiny. We stayed.

The town, dependent on the logging industry, has dwindled, but the school has grown to a complete plant, embracing grades from kindergarten through high school. Today there are no logging trains; they have been replaced with trucks. The school has mechanics to maintain a fleet of school buses—thanks largely to that woman, the wife of a home missionary.

Was it worth the cost? Well, I know what happened to three of us. Ellyn married young and reared a large family—all active in the Presbyterian Church, her husband's denomination.

Squeaky rode the logging trains through grade school, and walked three miles night and morning to high school. He put himself through the university during the depression by working in restaurants. For 25 years he has taught college biology, as you might guess. For almost as long he has taught Sunday school in the Congregational church, his wife's faith.

As for me—well, you're reading this. And since I am the one who remained a Methodist I can say, "Let's always keep a preacher on the cowcatcher!" □

I CAN still feel the thrill of those words rippling through the logging camps that I knew 50 years ago in Lewis County, Washington. "Preacher on the cowcatcher!" meant a Methodist home missionary was arriving. ("Preacher in the coach" meant a Presbyterian; "in the cab," a Baptist.)

It *did* seem that the Methodists always came first. The camp was hardly set up before they were there to organize a Sunday school and conduct services.

What interested us kids was this: For a week we would have classes almost like other kids who went to regular schools. In the evenings, there would be services with music, a magic-lantern show, and a message. (Today, missionaries come in jeeps, with filmstrips and tape recorders, but they bring the same message.)

In the logging camps of my childhood, there was Ellyn, an abandoned child who lived with her aunt. There was Squeaky, a thin and bony lad, whose oversized head held a brain in proportion. Squeaky flunked at the cookshack, and I had the enviable position of living with both parents. My mother and father had a small farm and provided the camps with milk and vegetables.

When a location was logged out and the camp moved, we watched the new one thrown together—bunkhouse, cookshack, clubhouse—and worried for fear the missionary would not find us again. But they always did. Soon word would flash along the camp grapevine,

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

"Of course I brought something for the picnic. I brought the most important thing I could think of—me!"



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz
© 1965 by Warner Press, Inc.

I WANT to share a concern with you, one I have been thinking a lot about lately: How can we get youths and adults to talk with one another?

A mother wrote the other day to say, "Why do you always ask young people to see a counselor or the family doctor? Parents have the right to help and guide their own youths."

I agree wholeheartedly with this principle; but, sad to say, many parents and youths do not know how to talk with one another in mutual trust and respect.

Often, in counseling with a young person, I discover that he never has really known an adult as a person. His parents talked to him only to scold, and seldom listen when he has something to say. School classes are too crowded to allow friendship with a teacher. Sunday school is too brief, and the teacher never visits in the home. Other adults such as store clerks, deliverymen, and neighbors come and go in a shadowy procession, wearing masks of friendliness or hostility, never stopping to let themselves be known.

Why am I concerned about this? For one thing, failure to communicate with adults forces some young people into teen-age ghettos. They cling to one another for companionship. They set their own standards of behavior and resist adult attempts to change them. They see adults as a threat, and the adults respond in kind.

Also, our identity as we grow up is shaped around strong models from the adult world. What does it feel like to be an adult? Is adult life a world I want to enter? Such questions find answer in informal conversation and warm friendship with adult persons. Without such friendships, young people grasp at surface masks of adulthood.

"Adults are people who smoke, so

if I want to be adult, I must smoke," they reason. Or, without warm, living, adult models, young people identify with the vivid images of movie or TV adults. But these are shadows living in a make-believe world.

Do you see why this is a problem? What do you think can be done about it? I have been a part of several weekend retreats in which parents and youths talk about sex morality. We have developed a plan in which youths and parents stay together in the same small groups for many hours, discussing materials they all read in advance.

Some exciting results have come from these sessions. Young people say, "For the first time, I think of adults as persons." Or, "Now I understand why moral standards are important. Nobody ever explained it before." Parents say, "The barriers are down. We can talk with our young people."

Has communication with adults been a problem with you? Can you tell me ways you have met the problem?



Did Christ have any brothers and sisters? I asked my minister, and he said to ask you.—C.C.

Following the birth of Jesus, Mary and Joseph bore four other sons, James, Josés, Judas, and Simon. Also, daughters were born to the family, but nobody knows how many or what they were named. [See Mark 6:3.]

We know that Jesus was devoted to his large family, but that he also felt a tension between loyalty to them and loyalty to God. Once his mother and brothers came to bring him home, perhaps having heard a rumor that he was insane. He looked around at his fol-

lowers, and said, "Here are my mother and my brothers! Whoever does the will of God is my brother, and sister, and mother." (Mark 3:34-35.) He claimed all of us as members of his family.



I am a girl, 14. I was shocked to read in Teens Together about a boy who was forced to have his Beatle haircut chopped off. I know that some boys go to extremes and let their hair grow to their shoulders. But there is nothing wrong with a Beatle haircut. These haircuts, if kept clean and well trimmed, can look quite attractive and neat. Everybody wore long hair until not so long ago. I know that my father, though he hates to admit it, wore his hair in a Dutch-bob cut with his bangs quite long. Maybe it is time for a change in men's hair styles. I am not a Beatlemaniac, but I feel very strongly that boys should be allowed to wear their hair long.—B.W.

At the risk of getting dozens of parents and high-school principals angry at me, I must say I agree with you. We are too intolerant of individual differences these days. One of my friends was ordered out of a restaurant recently because he wears a beard. He is a very fine person, and handsome as he can be with that beard. But for some people, any deviation in style of dress, hair, or manner is threatening.

These rigid, frightened attitudes toward persons who are different lead to serious consequences in some areas of life. Psychiatrists say many patients could be discharged from mental hospitals if the community would accept them in spite of their eccentric

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ways. And many would not have suffered emotional collapse in the first place if those around them had been more understanding.

It bothers me to see the way persons are ridiculed if their ideas go against popular prejudices. For instance, many of us questioned our government's policy in Viet Nam, acting out of sincere conviction, only to see ourselves called evil names in some newspapers. America needs persons who dare to be different in constructive ways. We also can afford to be more tolerant with those whose harmless foibles can make life a lot more varied and interesting.

Having said this, I can also understand why adults often worry when youths adopt extreme styles of hair and dress. Sometimes a certain style signifies rebellion against the adult world, or identifies with a group of unhappy and alienated people. In such cases, the community should get at the roots of the problem by providing skilled teachers, guidance counselors, and wholesome youth activities. The weird haircuts and black-leather jackets will vanish when the basic needs are met.



I am a girl, 15, an atheist. I simply do not believe God or any supreme being exists. I am helpful in community affairs, have high morals, and go to church on Easter and Christmas for ceremonial reasons. My formal religious education ended at third grade, but lately I have been wondering about religion. My parents come from a scientific background, but they still believe in God. Surely all those well-educated persons who still believe cannot be wrong. Have you any advice for my religious future?—K.P.

I wonder about the meaning of your atheism. What are you affirming and what are you denying when you say you are an atheist? When I discuss this with an atheist, I usually discover that what he denies in the name of his atheism I also want to deny in the name of Christ; and what he affirms, I also want to affirm.

In other words, which gods are you against? The god of the Christian whose immoral life contradicts his professed faith? The god of a simple childhood faith, which withers in the face of a mature understanding of the universe? The god reflected in the small, petty ways of some church groups? I, too, am against these gods, because they are not God who lives in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

Where are the groups who stand for the values you cherish? You mention

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Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What is the 'empty' cross? The crucifix, as used by the Roman Catholics and some others, represents the body of Christ on the cross. This is the "occupied" cross.

The "empty" cross, on the other hand, shows the wounded, bleeding, and broken body gone. The tragic story of Good Friday has been supplanted by the glad, good news of Easter.

Too often we forget that the cross had to be filled by God's love before it could be emptied by his grace.

When did the 'laying on of hands' start? There are Old Testament hints, but the first clear evidence in the Christian church came when seven deacons were set apart (Acts 6:6) to care for the needy, especially the widows. They were not merely designated but consecrated for the task, "ordained" for social service.

Elected by the church membership, the seven were the first church officials. We have some knowledge of three: Stephen ("a man full of faith and of the Holy Spirit"), Philip, and Nicolaus. The other four are mere names. Significantly, it was social concerns that first led to the ordination of ministers.

Note that the laying on of hands in ordination is associated with spiritual gifts in 1 Timothy 4:14 and 2 Timothy 1:6. It is more than a simple blessing; it is endowment and inducement.

How is God 'personal'? Although we know that we are made in the image of God, we dare not try to make him in our human image. He is far more than the most perceptive of us can possibly imagine. Yet we can be sure that he is "person at least."

Jesus taught us this when he pictured God as his loving Father and ours, aware of our need for salvation, and yearning, working that we might be saved. He loves us, and that is the chief characteristic of his personhood. No one can be personal without needing to love and be loved.

We must think of God in our times as Carlyle Marney indicates in *The Recovery of the Person*: More than anthropological concepts we cannot use. Any reception is on our wavelength, and any broadcasting is limited to our band of sensitivity.

"An honest question is a part of a quest," says Bishop T. Otto Nall, resident in the Minnesota Area. "The world needs more questions." A former journalist-editor, the bishop answers readers' questions in this column each month.

your interest in community service and your high moral standards. In my experience such values have been represented most consistently by groups dominated by persons of sincere faith. I am giving my life to the Christian church because I believe it is a leading advocate of responsible and loving service to mankind.

Where are the symbols which dramatize your faith? When men have anything really important to say about life, they soon move beyond words. They express themselves in rich, living symbols and ceremonies. For me, the worship forms of the Christian church give voice to profound experiences of gratitude, of repentance, of moral stirring, of despair and hope. A simple denial or affirmation that a Supreme Being exists does little to answer the inner cry of my spiritual need.

I am glad you are searching for a deeper faith. I hope you will take up your Christian education once again. You will find that our great theologians are struggling over the meaning of God, even as you struggle. Find a minister who will discuss these matters with you and who will suggest a program of study. I sense in your letter courage, determination, and a passion for honesty which will lead you to new truth.



I am a small-town boy. I have many friends, and we get along very well. Some very cute girls go to our school, but they think that unless your father is a big wheel or you live in a certain part of town, you are not good enough for them. I try to be nice to these girls, but they treat me like dirt. How can I get a date with one of these girls?—D.E.

Speaking from my experience in small towns, you probably cannot date these girls. The community structure is working against you. Many fellows in small towns find it easier to date girls from neighboring towns, whom they meet at basketball games and the like. Make certain that your personal grooming and behavior are above reproach. Develop your social skills and prepare yourself for a vocation which will demand the best you can give. The dating problem will take care of itself in time.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments. And he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS



From "The Nebbishes," © 1959 by Herb Gardner. Used by permission.

The Power of Weakness

By GEORGE M. RICKER
Pastor, St. Luke Methodist Church
San Angelo, Texas

WEAKNESS IS hardly a virtue. We usually think of it as failure because it represents inability to get something done.

Power is what our society respects—the power of a Ranger rocket to photograph the moon; the power of a nation to set goals and realize them; the power of a corporation to hold a market, grow, and produce dividends; the power of an individual to gain wealth, prestige, and position.

These seem important. Yet, psychiatrists tell us that we live in an existential vacuum. We sense a loss of meaning in spite of our power.

One man in this field writes that he has more problems related to boredom than to distress. People cannot stand to have time on their hands, for it raises the question, "What do I do with myself?" And the future, we are told, is going to offer more and more leisure.

Already, we have the problem of Sunday neurosis, the depression that comes to people with no awareness of content in their lives. The rush of the week is over, and on the day when we are not supposed to work, the void becomes apparent.

This theme has been treated by *The Nebbishes*, those next-to-nothing cartoon characters. One of them is seated before a television set. Beside him is a bag of "Tee Vee Munchies." Apparently he has been there for a long time when this conversation takes place with himself: "Hour after hour. Where's my will power? I should turn this off. Why am I sitting here watching other people live their lives? I'm ashamed of myself. I should turn this off and do something else. . . ."

In a moment of determination, he takes an ax and chops the set to pieces. He stands before what is left of the set trying to decide what to do next. But he can think of nothing. He then exclaims: "Great Scott, what have I done?" So enslaved is he to television that he has lost the ability to live his own life.

When a man finds an inner vacancy in his life, he runs here and there trying to avoid it. But he is in a

race toward oblivion, and in the end all that he trusts to give life meaning comes to naught. As Bertrand Russell put it, "The slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark."

What does power mean before this fact of life? Each of us has still his struggle with the basic issue of meaning. This is our weakness. Now what do we do about it?

A better place to start is to ask what *has been* done about it? Is there some word from the Lord of the universe? Yes, there is! And this word has many witnesses who have heard in one way or another: "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness." It is just possible that our very weakness can be a source of power.

A Man Without Illusion

Habakkuk, a prophet of the seventh century B.C., could not make sense of what was going on in his day. He thought he saw the scourge of God disciplining his people. But he saw things getting worse instead of better. The Babylonians were taking over. Habakkuk complains:

"O Lord, how long shall I cry for help, and thou wilt not hear?"

How did he keep from being disillusioned? Simply by refusing to nourish illusions about his nation and what it was able to do. He had no automatic view of progress leading him to think that things were getting better and better every day. And while many had lost faith in humanity, he knew that it was not necessary to pin one's faith to humanity in the first place.

The man of faith, Habakkuk discovered, is never at the mercy of the movement of life about him. His trust is in the Reality that moves through history bringing about His purposes. To find ultimate meaning in his life, the man of faith trusts in the purpose and activity of God. He lives by faith and not sight.

In the midst of his questioning, Habakkuk, the prophet, heard the voice of the Lord telling him:

For still the vision awaits its time;
 it hastens to the end—it will not lie.
 If it seems slow, wait for it;
 it will surely come, it will not delay.
 Behold, he whose soul is not upright in him shall fail,
 but the righteous shall live by his faith.
 —Habakkuk 2:3, 4

God's Grace Is Sufficient

The Apostle Paul is another witness to faith that is made perfect in weakness. Whereas Habakkuk's thorn was his nation's constant domination by others, Paul's was a personal, tormenting physical ailment. We do not know what it was—epilepsy, offensive eye trouble, malarial fever? Whatever it was, it was constant, painful, disturbing.

Paul saw his illness keeping him weak, dependent, and conscious of his need. He wanted to be free from his encumbering illness. Three times he asked for release, but it was never granted. Instead, he received a better answer: a man's sufficiency comes from God! There is grace sufficient to bear the suffering and endure the strain. At times there is no other answer.

A contemporary witness to this truth is Victor Frankl, Viennese psychiatrist who spent years in Hitler's concentration camps. Death was ever near. He could bring no meaning to his life by writing a book, living, loving, being part of a family. Meaning could come only through faith that even suffering and death could be used in the ultimate plan of God.

He describes this conviction as it came to him, breaking in on a day of weakness, illness, and nearness of death. Struggling with a shovel, forced to work despite his waning strength, he was hard put to find a reason for his suffering. Of that day he later wrote, "In a last violent protest against the hopelessness of imminent death, I sensed my spirit piercing through the enveloping gloom. I felt it transcend that hopeless, meaningless world, and from somewhere I heard a victorious 'yes' in answer to my question of the existence of ultimate purpose."

At just that moment, he tells us, a light was turned on in a distant farmhouse. And Frankl remembered that the light does shine in the darkness.

This is grace, and it is the meaning of the Christ activity of God which has been revealed to us in a man who suffered and died on a cross. What is the power of this weakness? On that dreadful Friday, he had nothing: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Yet, it was "my God" to whom he called. Daring to trust is commitment, no matter what. This understanding of life is what God raised from the dead, giving the possibility of new life in the face of death. It is the victory that God pronounces in Jesus the Christ, and it is the grace that enables men to rise above any earthly state into communion with God.

Here is the grandeur of man. God offers us a gift of freedom that cannot be taken away, the freedom to choose our stance toward life. We cannot be free from the sufferings of life, but we are free to take a stand toward these sufferings. We, too, can bear witness to that power that is "made perfect in weakness." □

Using rock 'n' roll music,
 pantomime, and contemporary symbols,
 a group of Brooklyn teen-agers
 presents a play dramatizing the meaning
 of Christ's life and death.

A Man Dies...

✦ *A Man Dies*, a modern mystery play that is pantomimed, danced, and sung against the narration of the Christ story, was one of the productions presented last summer by the Brooklyn Summer Youth Theater.

Written by Ewan Hooper and Ernest Marvin for English teen-agers, *A Man Dies* is an attempt through drama to show young people that the Bible is as relevant to their lives today as it was in the days of the early church. Brooklyn young people found that the play spoke to them as clearly as it has to their British cousins, and it was included in their repertory along with *Guys and Dolls*, *Androcles and the Lion*, and other full-length and one-act plays.

During its 66-day season, the Youth Theater played youth canteens and coffeehouses in 21 Brooklyn churches, 9 of them Methodist. It gave four productions in St. Mark's Methodist Church, which served as its permanent theater. Its director was the Rev. David A. Stevens, pastor of Fisherman's Methodist Church, Brooklyn.

Quotations from *A Man Dies*, © 1964, by Ewan Hooper and Ernest Marvin and published by Dorton, Longman & Todd, Ltd., London, are used by permission. All rights strictly reserved. Requests for permission to perform, to excerpt, or for any other use should be addressed to the Wolter H. Boker Company, 100 Summer Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02110.—EDITORS



A combo made up of a drummer, a guitarist, and a saxophonist supplied the beat for songs sung to calypso and rock 'n' roll rhythms.

SINGER...

*With a ding dong ding
With a ding a dong ding
With a ding a ding a ding
dong ding.*

*Dancers circle as the singer sings:
"It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old
Let's stay at home round the telly, dear,
The church is too damn cold."*





Singer Paula Dupre sings the song Riding on a Donkey as Mary and Joseph make their way to Bethlehem.

FUNDS FOR the Youth Theater came from the federal Poverty Program, through the Neighborhood Youth Corps, but the idea and direction of the theater came from the Youth Work Committee of the Brooklyn Division of the Protestant Council of the City of New York. The New York City Mission Society was the sponsor. In addition to *A Man Dies*, several of the one-act plays presented were religious in theme.

Young people from all parts of Brooklyn tried out for the 50 jobs available. Those who were chosen received \$1.25 an hour for a 30-hour week. They worked just like members of any summer stock company—rehearsing, acting, building scenery, making costumes, maintaining the theater. They had 58 rehearsal sessions, and they gave 55 performances, playing to more than 2,000 people during the summer.

SINGER...

*We're riding, riding on a donkey
Carried by the wind of change.
Where the stretch of the sand
Hits your eye, and the sky,
And just living is grand
And you're riding, riding on a donkey
Carried by the wind of change.*

*Riding, riding on a donkey
Carried by the wind of change.
There's no one for miles
And it's great just to wait
While your tears turn to smiles
And you're riding, riding on a donkey
Carried by the wind of change.*

SINGER...

*You've heard of the man with
the withered hand?*

CROWD...

Yeah, yeah and a yeah yeah.

SINGER...

*You've heard of the cripple He
ordered to stand?*

CROWD...

Yeah, yeah and a yeah yeah.

SINGER...

*And what about the devils He
commanded to flee?*

CROWD...

Yeah, yeah and a yeah yeah.



*Christ, played by Arturo Lindsay, walks down center aisle
through the crowd, which makes a passage for him, cheering and
throwing streamers. After he has gone up the steps and has
left the stage, the crowd starts to jive again.*

*Christ serves the Last Supper to his disciples, using
Coke and a hard roll instead of the traditional bread and wine.
These distinctly modern foods were used so young people
would identify more closely with the play.*

VOICE OF CHRIST...

*Take, eat. This is my body which
is broken for you.
This do in remembrance of me.
This cup is the new testament in
my blood.
Drink ye all of it.*

*But whoever shall eat this bread
and drink this cup of the Lord
unworthily shall be guilty of the
body and blood of Christ.*





Judas, played by Ira Humphrey, dances with his girl friend as the music tells of his decision to betray Jesus (in the background).

SINGER...

*Oh, he's all right, Jill
What's he to me?
Let him take care of himself.
I need the money,
I need it, honey.
I could just do with wealth.*

*Oh, he's all right, Jill,
He says he's God,
He can take care of himself.
He cures diseases
Just when he pleases,
Why should I think of his health?*

*Oh, he's all right, Jill,
If he is God
He can take care of himself.
I turn him in,
They still don't catch him—
He'll leave them stuck on the shelf.*

*Oh, he's all right, Jill,
I'll tell the cops.
He can take care of himself.
I need the money
I'll get it, honey
What could I do with that wealth.*

WHAT DID the Youth Theater accomplish?

It gave summer jobs to some young people who would not have worked otherwise. It uncovered some genuine talent and headed it in the right direction. A real measure of trust was established between the teen-agers and the five adults who were on the staff—and it was the first time some of the young people

had ever experienced such a relationship with adults.

Perhaps most important, 50 young people who came from totally different racial, cultural, and economic backgrounds demonstrated that they could work together without one incident of tension. Each of the 50 teen-agers who participated in the project now has 49 new friends scattered in all sections of Brooklyn.

—HELEN JOHNSON



Jesus, too weak to lift the weight of the cross, stumbles on the way to Calvary. Simon of Cyrene comes to his aid.

SINGER...

*He stumbled through the city gate,
Became too weak to lift the weight,
A man who passed him, black, it's said,
Carried up his cross instead.*

*Gentle Christ, wise and good,
We nailed him to a cross of wood.
The Son of God, he lived to save,
In borrowed stable and borrowed grave.*

*At last they came to the hanging place,
A hill we call the Eyeless Face,
They gave him drugs to kill the pain
He pushed the cup away again.*

Gentle Christ, wise and good (etc.)

*The soldiers hung him on the cross,
Played for his clothes at pitch and toss.
When each of them had won a share
Sitting down they watched him there.*

Gentle Christ, wise and good (etc.)

*The crowd ignores Christ
as he walks among them, offering
the chalice. In the final act,
however, they come to see
the meaning of his life.*

SINGER...

*You've never had it so good, brother,
You've never had it so good.
Switch on the set, shut both your eyes,
You've never had it so good.*

*Some are ready to blow us to bits,
Others aren't sure if they should
But they're keeping their fingers on
the trigger in case,
And we've never had it so good.*





Standing in the aisle at Fisherman's Methodist Church, the Rev. David A. Stevens directs tryouts for a new play.

He Uses Drama to Teach

A 30-year-old Brooklyn pastor uses drama in worship and religious education at a small but historic city church

By HELEN JOHNSON
Associate Editor, TOGETHER

THE MAN behind the production of *A Man Dies*, pictured on the preceding five pages, is the Rev. David A. Stevens, the lanky, soft-spoken director of the Brooklyn Summer Youth Theater. His chief responsibility, however, is as pastor of Fisherman's Methodist Church in Brooklyn, which he has served for five years.

The young minister's background in drama dates back to high-school days in Cambridge, Mass., where the school he attended was well known for its drama program. Later, as a student at Tufts University, he worked in its Arena Theater, which pioneered theater-in-the-round in this country. At Hartford Seminary, he continued drama work as an extracurricular activity, piling it on top of other activities which included serving as president of the student council.

During his first three years at Fisherman's Church, he shuttled back and forth between Brooklyn and Manhattan, where he did graduate work at Union Theological Seminary. In 1964 he received one of the first two master's degrees Union granted in religious education in drama.

Mr. Stevens has worked with district and conference Methodist youth groups on a number of dramatic presentations, but most of his work in drama has centered in Fisherman's Church and other local churches in Brooklyn that have asked for his help.

At Fisherman's he has encountered many of the same problems and opportunities to be found in any small Methodist church. Fisherman's has a membership of about 250 and occupies an unpretentious frame building, built before the turn of the century

and moved to its present site two blocks from the ocean in 1929. Nothing in its 121-year history indicates any unusual interest in the theater. Among its members are people representing a variety of national backgrounds.

When the church celebrated its 120th anniversary, Mr. Stevens collaborated with one of its members, Mrs. Mildred Rice, in writing a pageant that gave people of all ages a chance to participate.

Drama has been presented in the chancel as well as on a stage downstairs in the church-school auditorium. Some of the presentations have been keyed to special seasons; others have been part of youth meetings, with discussion afterwards.

Mr. Stevens wrote his master's thesis on the use of play-reading by the Methodist Youth Fellowship. Most of the plays were religious in nature, and all gave the group a background for discussing such concerns as sin, man's relationship to God, race prejudice, and how to get along in family situations.

With children in released-time classes or in church school, he uses another form of drama—role-playing. Here the youngsters are presented with a situation that has religious or moral undertones, and are asked to act it out. As they do so, they encounter depths of meaning they never would feel if they merely discussed it.

On Christmas Eve, 1964, junior and senior MYFers and college students joined in a reading of *Word Made Flesh*, a play by Philip Turner, that deals with man's situation from Adam and Eve to the birth of Christ.

In determining which plays will be presented, Mr. Stevens first considers the people who are available to take part in them. Then he finds scripts that suit. There are plenty of scripts available through Samuel French, Inc., or Baker's Plays, he says. Some of the best are the work of British playwrights, as was *A Man Dies*.

Mr. Stevens does not back off from plays requiring royalty payments. If you are going to take people's time and efforts, he says, you should give them a good play to work with. He feels, too, that it is not right for churches to expect to get things for nothing just because they are churches. "People who write plays write to make a living," he points out. "They need to be paid."

A play, whether in a church or in a theater, needs to be understandable, he stresses. If its message has to be explained, something is lost. There also is a hazard in using such plays for discussion, he believes, for the discussion may hinge too much on the discussion leader's interpretation.

Of *A Man Dies*, Mr. Stevens says the young people involved had mixed reactions. The idea of presenting the life of Christ in rock 'n' roll idiom was very surprising and very interesting to them, but they were puzzled about how it could be done. Audiences received it thoughtfully. For both actors and audiences, the play took on different meanings for different people.

As yet, Mr. Stevens has not used a play in the Sunday-morning service. He does not see drama as a substitute for a sermon, but he does believe that a play and a sermon can complement each other. And,



At a planning session for Youth Theater's 1965-66 winter season, Mr. Stevens joins a staff assistant, Adrienne Lanier, to discuss ideas with youthful participants in the plays.

while he enjoys preaching, he admits there are people who just do not hear sermons. He thinks fewer people are as unresponsive to drama, so worshipers at Fisherman's are likely to be witnessing a play as part of a Sunday-morning service someday.

Drama's greatest effect at Fisherman's probably has been on the people who have participated in it. When they were getting ready for the reading of *Word Made Flesh*, the cast had doubts about how it would go off. They were surprised at the play's impact, both on themselves and on the congregation.

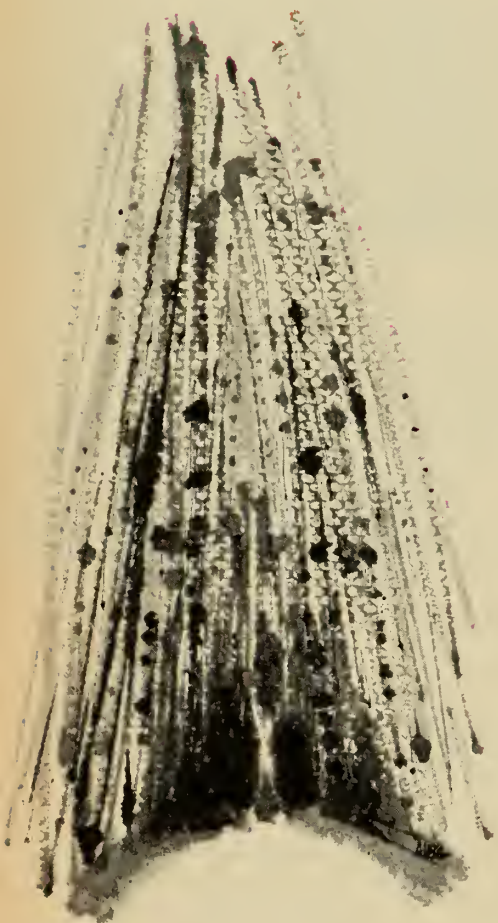
Some members of Fisherman's Church are deeply interested in the use of drama and look forward to its being a permanent part of the church's program in the future. Mr. Stevens hopes this can be programmed through the commission on education.

His advice to other churches wanting to embark on drama in teaching and in worship is not to wait until they have acquired the lights, a stage, and other equipment people usually think should be part of play production. His own church does not have all these, either. In the chancel, for instance, he says:

"The light is sufficient to light the area, but staging is just done boldly. We may actually say: 'Now this person is off the stage; don't look at him.'"

Many plays do not need costumes at all, says Mr. Stevens. In fact, "It is not always necessary to put on a biblical play in biblical dress. If a soldier is in the cast, let him be recognized a soldier by looking as a soldier looks today."

The important thing, he says, is to go ahead and do the best you can with what you have. Any group that enters into drama with imagination and a sense of joy, he believes, will uncover new depths of religious experience for participants and spectators alike. □

Looks at **NEW** Books

Man offers the world up to God so God may bless it—this is the concept of worship expressed in *Heading for the Center of the Universe*.

NOT YET three years have passed since bullets from a mail-order gun ended the life of President John F. Kennedy. But already we have a rich variety of books about him.

The best is by historian and former presidential assistant Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., who for all his closeness to the late president has managed to keep him and his administration in perspective in *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House* (Houghton Mifflin, \$9). Future historians will be grateful for this balanced view, and today's readers are finding it fascinating.

In *Kennedy* (Harper & Row, \$10), the president's special counsel, Theodore C. Sorensen, has tried to write the book his boss had planned that they would write together. Admittedly biased, it is nevertheless a swift-paced biography that admits failure as well as successes and gives us a vivid view of world events from the White House.

Evelyn Lincoln, who went to work for a 35-year-old bachelor congressman who looked so young another congressman mistook him for a page, remained Mr. Kennedy's personal secretary through his career in the Senate and in the White House. *My Twelve Years With John F. Kennedy* (David McKay, \$5.50) shows him charming, informal, kind, hardworking, careless, and demanding—a man who wanted everything right and wanted it now, who always was fun to work for. Mrs. Lincoln, by the way, is the daughter of the late J. N. Norton, for two terms a congressman from Nebraska. Four generations of Nortons have been lay speakers and leaders in the little Methodist Church at Swede Plain, Nebr.

For nearly three years *Look* reporter Laura Bergquist and *Look* photographer Stanley Tretick covered the New Frontier. *A Very Special President* (McGraw-Hill, \$9.95) is their record of John F. Kennedy the human being. It is an eloquent tribute to a president who was also husband, father, friend, and fascinated citizen of the world—a man who never failed to be himself.

In beat with *A Man Dies* [page 54] is *Heading for the Center of the Universe* (Concordia, \$1). But this is

an inner drama, designed to be read instead of staged. It is for high-school youths who wonder what God has to do with their world. The cast of three includes any young person as the hero, God, and the world. It centers on a boy's experience of worship—the service is Lutheran but not very different from Methodist worship.

This paperback by Chuck Sauer is the first of a series of Perspective Books that seek to engage young people in a search for responsible independence under the Gospel. A second is *Wait a Minute, Moses!* (Concordia, \$1), by Norman C. Habel. It can be read alone, discussed in groups, or divided into parts and dramatized as a poem. It seeks to translate Israel's bondage into the questions asked today: Who are we really? Are we born to lose? Do we die at 20? Are we slaves to sex? Can we really be accepted?

Both books are potent, explosive stuff. They make the Gospel highly contagious.

At 26, Malcolm Boyd was a boy-wonder television producer in Hollywood. At 32, he was ordained a priest of the Episcopal Church, and his way has been rocky ever since. As student chaplain at Colorado State University, he conducted religious "espresso nights" at local coffeehouses and beer joints, and eventually was forced to resign his post. At Wayne State University, with his bulky black sweater, bull sessions, and experiments with cabaret theater, he became the best-known personality on the campus.

In 1964, his play *Boy* was banned on the grounds that it contained "obscene and vulgar language." In 1961, he was one of 28 Episcopal priests on a "freedom ride" through the Deep South. Today as field secretary of the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, he still finds time to be "chaplain-at-large" to university campuses and spends much of his time with young people.

Yet a friend of mine who is in her 70s and has always regarded herself as a fundamentalist read his prayers in *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$3.95) and told me, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes, "Now that's what I've been

telling you all the time about prayer." Father Boyd expresses it this way: "Prayer, for me, used to stand as something separate from other parts of life. But I have come to learn that real prayer is not so much talking to God as just sharing his presence." His book is a collection of brief, intimate, informal, sometimes hurried, tired, and frustrated sharing of his concerns with Jesus. They show how the whole of living can be a prayer.

Triumph Over Tragedy (Parthenon, \$2.50) is the story of a woman who came back from the dead.

It began when her daughter Jane died. Then, on the way to visit her husband's parents, her husband and son were killed and she was desperately injured when a train struck their car. At the hospital they felt for her pulse, and could get nothing. Her blood pressure was zero over zero, her body a mass of broken bones. Yet it held a temperature.

Iona Henry was carried into the hospital in Granite City, Ill., during Holy Week. It was a Roman Catholic hospital, but people in all the churches of the city prayed for her. Prayers and tracts came through the mail from Christian Scientists, from Jews, from conservative and liberal Christians. And she lived; and after pain-tortured months, her body healed and she went out to a life she had to rebuild.

Rebuild it she has. She has earned both a master of arts and a doctor of education degree, has taught at two colleges and served as dean of women at a third, and was associate secretary for the department of work in home fields in the former Woman's Division of Christian Service, Methodist Board of Missions. Now remarried, Iona Henry McLaughlin is the wife of the busy general secretary of the Commission on Chaplains of The Methodist Church.

In the moving book she has written with Frank S. Mead she explains it this way: "Christ was . . . the catalyst through whom strength and power flowed from God to me."

Don't be put off by the pedantic format of **My God, Why?** (Abingdon, \$2.25). This book looks as if it were meant for preachers, but the questions and answers posed by Wallace T. Viets are based on sermons he has preached as pastor of the First Methodist Church in New Haven, Conn., and they are very much for the layman!

They make good Lenten and Passion Week reading. Here is a sample: "Though there is mystery at the tomb, the meaning is that God is stronger than all else; that good is stronger than evil; that life is stronger than death; that love is stronger than hatred . . .

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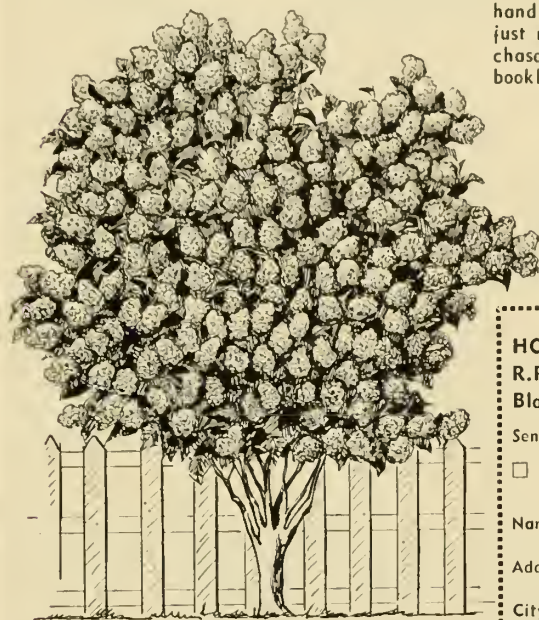
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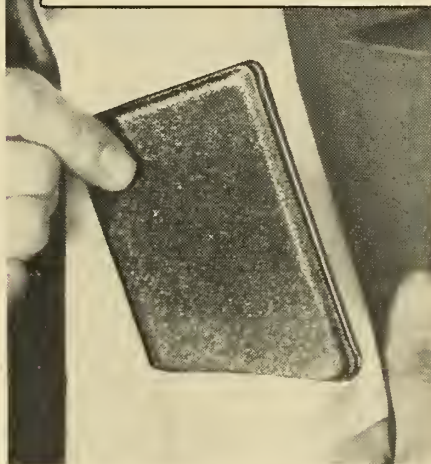
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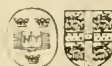
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this is the audacious, glorious claim of the Christian gospel."

Adolf Hitler's voice rose to a scream. He smashed his fist on the table: "Jodl," he shrieked at his chief of staff, "I demand to know! Yes or no? Is Paris burning now?"

It was August 25, 1944, at the very moment the Free French, supported by American infantry, were streaming across the bridges of the Seine. Paris was not burning. Its priceless treasures, its special magic were preserved from the sentence of destruction Hitler had placed upon it.

Many people participated in its deliverance—Allied forces, the Free French, the Resistance. But only one man had stood between it and the ashes and rubble which Hitler had meant for it to become. He was, of all people, the German general whom Hitler had sent to command its demolition. General Dietrich von Choltitz, in fact, had the destruction of many cities to his credit, and he had been hand-picked for the assignment, but every time he got an order to get on with the destruction of Paris he just could not do it.

He was not an art lover; he knew his family was hostage against his obedience to orders—but he found he could not destroy Paris simply as an act of revenge, without any military reason. Finally, he even sent word to General Eisenhower to hurry up and come on in because he could not hold out much longer. Committed to another plan of battle, Eisenhower almost did not do it, but numerous pleas, including a personal one by Charles de Gaulle, finally persuaded him.

Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre spent more than three years researching the drama of the liberation and, in *Is Paris Burning?* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95), they have written such a fascinating, suspenseful book that even when you know the ending, you can hardly wait to find it out.

Alas, books on the same subject are likely to come out in bunches, like bananas, and this means that all of them do not get the attention they deserve. *Resistance: France 1940-1945* (Little, Brown, \$5.95), for instance, has been overshadowed by *Is Paris Burning?* Yet this kaleidoscopic picture which Blake Ehrlich gives us has solid virtues of its own.

It covers the entire period of the German occupation of France and explains—perhaps better than *Is Paris Burning?*—the divided nature of the resistance effort. Ehrlich tells the story well, too.

Many couples make the mistake of thinking that saying "I do!" means

"We did it!" But in *Letters to Karen* (Abingdon, \$3), Presbyterian minister Charlie W. Shedd observes that marriage is more like one of those kits that come knocked down and have to be put together.

"It will take some gluing here, sanding rough spots there, hammering a bit now, filing down the scratches on this side, planing a bit on that side, carving a piece, bending this section slightly, varnishing, backing off for a frequent look, dusting, waxing, polishing, until at last what you have is a thing of beauty and joy forever."

In spite of that masculine-type description, Dr. Shedd's book is aimed at wives. When his daughter Karen got engaged, she asked him for his honest advice about marriage, and he responded with this series of letters. They are full of frank talk, wisdom, and good humor, and were inspired. Dr. Shedd writes, by Karen's mother, "a genius in the art of being a good wife."

"The game of baseball has given me a life of joy. I would not have exchanged it for any other."

How fortunate the late Branch Rickey waited no longer to tell his story. *The American Diamond* (Simon and Schuster, \$12.50) came off the presses shortly before the veteran sports figure collapsed from a stroke while speaking in St. Louis late last year.

For 65 years, Branch Rickey played a major role in baseball. First as a player, then as a coach, manager, general manager, and owner. His personality and career are pretty well known to most sports fans; but this fine volume of pictures and text is not about Rickey himself. It is a documentary on baseball from the immortals of yesterday to Koufax and Mantle of today. From Babe Ruth to the Little League, the story of baseball is all there, with the great moments and the heartbreak of defeat.

Rickey's collaborator, Robert Riger, has contributed scores of action photographs and drawings made especially for this book. It may very well live up to the publisher's claim that it is the most important book ever written—and illustrated—on the game of baseball.

Teaching the Troubled Child (The Free Press, \$5.95) is not an outline for do-it-yourself-magic in the home; but it does show how schools and a community can mobilize their resources to fit retarded and other problem children into society.

Analyzing a program devised in Elmont, N.Y., psychiatrist Sol Nichtern and educator George T. Donahue tell how mothers who have successfully reared normal children can join

teams to teach and help emotionally disturbed youngsters. The volunteer mothers carry the major load in this program, working in collaboration with full-time teachers, psychologists, and psychiatrists, all under the direction of a competent educator. Civic organizations contribute substantially.

Dr. Nichtern and Dr. Donahue have written a book well worth reading by religious leaders, PTA members, school-board members, social workers, educators, and others who are concerned with mental health. But it is not designed as a self-help book for mothers of troubled children.

The danger had been there so long that most of the 30,000 people in Johnstown, Pa., and its nine sister boroughs thought nothing about it. Anyway, they were used to floods. But that spring of 1889 had seen the heaviest rainfall in the history of the county. And on Friday afternoon, May 31, the rotting old dam gave way and sent 20 million tons of water roaring down the valley. Thousands of men, women, and children lost their lives in the swirling, debris-laden water.

In *Disaster at Johnstown: The Great Flood* (Random House, \$1.95), Hildegarde Dolson gives an hour-by-hour report so vivid that you forget you are not an eyewitness. This Landmark Book for young people is history written with the freshness, variety of incident, and urgency of topflight reporting.

Ralph W. Sockman, minister emeritus of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City, tells *The Easter Story for Children* (Abingdon, \$2.25) in easy words that children in the early grades can understand.

He begins with Jesus' birth in Bethlehem and gives his greatest attention to the thought that Jesus' victory over death is proof of God's total love for his children. "Life is always coming back to earth in many different ways," Dr. Sockman reminds his young readers.

For *The Complete Book of Classical Music* (Prentice-Hall, \$14.95), David Ewen has written a reference work that can be read for pure pleasure. His biographies of composers and discussions of their works form a rich tapestry of anecdotes and details. And a happy choice of typography makes the book beautiful as well.

Reference books on the arts, of course, should reflect the aesthetics of their subjects, but few do it as well as this survey of the lives and works of famous and not-so-famous composers from Guillaume de Machaut, born in the 14th century, to Richard Strauss, who died in 1949.

—BARNABAS

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Month.....

Day.....

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Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

FICTIONALIZED biographies are either very good or very bad.

When they pad the story with unnecessary detail and tell you more about the dull affairs of a man's life than you want to know, they are terrible. If an incident does not shed light on the man's character and motives, it may fill up pages but it certainly does not illuminate our minds.

On the other hand, if the novelist puts flesh and blood around the bare bones of the historical record, then the book is very good. Most of us do not have imagination enough to do this for ourselves and the good writer makes three-dimensional what was originally a very flat picture. You will be happy to know that this is exactly what Shelley Mydans has done in **THOMAS** (Doubleday, \$5.95).

Thomas Becket is a well-known statesman and churchman of the Middle Ages and his murder in Canterbury Cathedral has been treated by many writers, as for example, T. S. Eliot. Yet, if your knowledge of him is as sketchy as mine, you have never appreciated his qualities as a man nor properly appreciated the part he played. After a somewhat slow start, this book gives us a full-bodied report and a dramatic account.

Thomas was the son of a prosperous London merchant and seemed destined for a worldly life and political success. He was educated in the church and became a protégé of Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop developed a great fondness for the young man and had a great influence on his life. Thomas was trained as a knight by one of the barons of the court of Henry I, and there he learned about court procedure and political maneuvering. He advanced rapidly and became chancellor to the young King Henry II.

As chancellor, he was second in power only to the king, and everything he did proved successful. He was not only a first-rate statesman, but also a most successful general, winning battles on the field as well as at the court. At this stage of his life he appears to be simply a luxury-loving, wealthy government leader and close friend of his king.

Then something happened that

changed his whole life and set his course in a new direction. Henry II, a willful, strong person, wanted to control the church. So he maneuvered the election and made Thomas Becket the archbishop of Canterbury. This, of course, put him in a position of power over the whole church and the Pope's chief representative in England. But Henry II was soon astonished to find that Becket was taking his position seriously. Instead of being a man who would do the king's will and make the church subservient to the state, Becket became the great voice of the church, demanding that the king recognize its superiority. Thus the stage is set for the final tragedy.

There was a real affection on the part of the king for the archbishop, but pride and a lust for power dominated the affection. Every opportunity was offered Becket to compromise and maintain a friendly relationship with Henry II. But Becket was set on asserting the supremacy of the church in the society and realm of England. Time after time, he was humiliated and forced into embarrassing positions. Yet, he never wavered from his principles. Finally, Thomas was stabbed to death at Canterbury by the king's knights, if not with his express permission, at least without his opposition.

Thomas Becket became a martyr and his tomb a center of miraculous happenings. People were healed and his death made the church even stronger. Two strong men had met head on and the churchman, although killed, has come down through the centuries as the victor and the hero.

A book like this makes a man think

about certain religious implications. Here is a great testimony to conversion and the way a man's life can be changed by an experience. The worldly politician becomes the brave champion of the church and a saint in his concern for the poor and the needy. Thomas, with a sense of the new dignity that had come to him as an archbishop, gave up his wealth and luxury to live simply as an example and a help to his people. The ways of God are very strange, and King Henry II must have been amazed that such a thing could happen to one he thought he knew so well.

Another thing to note is that great churchmen have been strong, almost ruthless, in their service. We have an idea sometimes that to become a man of God is to become gentle and yielding. This does happen to some men. But those who have put their mark upon history through the church have usually been of the Thomas Becket type. They were not men to be pushed around or subtly influenced; they were strong, tough, and hard to manage. They would not have been easy men to deal with, for there was very little compromise in them. But at the end of the day, they were the ones who maintained the church against its enemies.

Then, as now, a man's enemies were of his own household. Great pressure was put upon Thomas to yield to the king's desire, and it took a man like Becket to see the fine line between graciousness and cowardice. I fear we have had too many church leaders who have been unable to see that line.

This is a fine book and if you take books seriously, you will want it in your library. Mrs. Mydans did the necessary research to make *Thomas* an authentic picture. More important than that, she has imagination enough to really enter into the situation and comprehend the issues.

Let us give thanks for those who have the gifts and take the time to illuminate our sometimes drab humanity with the portrait of a great man. And let us be twice grateful when an author has much more than a vague understanding of the part God Almighty plays in our human affairs. □



"You're just jealous!"

Need a New Church?

He's Your Man!

By ROBERT L. SANDS

A TORNADO passing through Desloge, Mo., brought out hidden talents in preacher-church builder Charles Mann, who saves money three ways for congregations who want the most for their building dollars.

He organizes and conducts the fund campaign himself, saving the expense of a professional fund-raiser. Then he draws plans for the new church, sparing the congregation an architect's fee. Finally, he obtains key bids on all building materials, eliminating a 10 percent contractor charge.

If the churches he turned out were shoddy, you could say that this use of a minister's time was bad stewardship. But his skill and taste show in the finished buildings.

His first experience goes back to 1957 when a tornado heavily damaged the Desloge, Mo., church and parsonage—his first charge after graduation from seminary.

The church received a modest \$20,000 from insurance. With that start, the congregation voted to rebuild. "Church architects," Mr. Mann recalls, "said the new church could not be built for \$8 a square foot." He determined to prove that it could—and he did!

Later, the Desloge apprenticeship

paid off for Methodists in Alpha, Ill., where this minister who learned construction the hard way was appointed in 1960. With typical Mann economy measures, and with church members contributing much of the labor, a church worth \$105,000 cost the Alpha people \$85,000 with pews.

Mr. Mann, in the words of one Alpha member, "did a lot of work himself. One day he would paint, the next he laid brick, and the next he pounded nails on the roof."

In 1963, when the bishop's cabinet listed Wesley Church in Springfield, Ill., for a change in ministers, Charles Mann was a logical choice as its new pastor. The congregation needed a new building.

Cost estimates of the new Wesley Church project, including sanctuary and fellowship hall in one unit and an educational building in another, amounted to \$125,000. With Mann-instituted cost-saving features, the congregation figures the educational building is a "bonus."

Here's the way he describes his economy sequence: "After preliminary plans are voted, I make detailed cost estimates on all building materials and labor. Next, I build a scale model of wood so the people can see what the



Mr. Mann and model of Wesley Church.

finished building will be like. Finally, I control cost by getting key bids on brick, plumbing and heating, and electrical work."

Finished plans are Mr. Mann's own, drawn with a cheap protractor, T-square, and straightedge. With minor changes, they can be approved by a registered architect. He has studied architecture textbooks in local libraries and make use of services of the Board of Missions' National Division.

"Actually," he says, "what I do is not so hard. Nowadays, most building construction utilizes laminated arches and beams and three and four-inch decking. Using pre-engineered arches is the cheapest way to build and also qualifies for insurance coverage as heavy timber construction. So, you get more insurance for less money."

One secret of Mr. Mann's success is a large building committee—as many as 18 to 25 members in a 400-member congregation. Another is disclosure—at just the right time—that the pews can be figured in "free." Says the do-it-yourself builder with a chuckle:

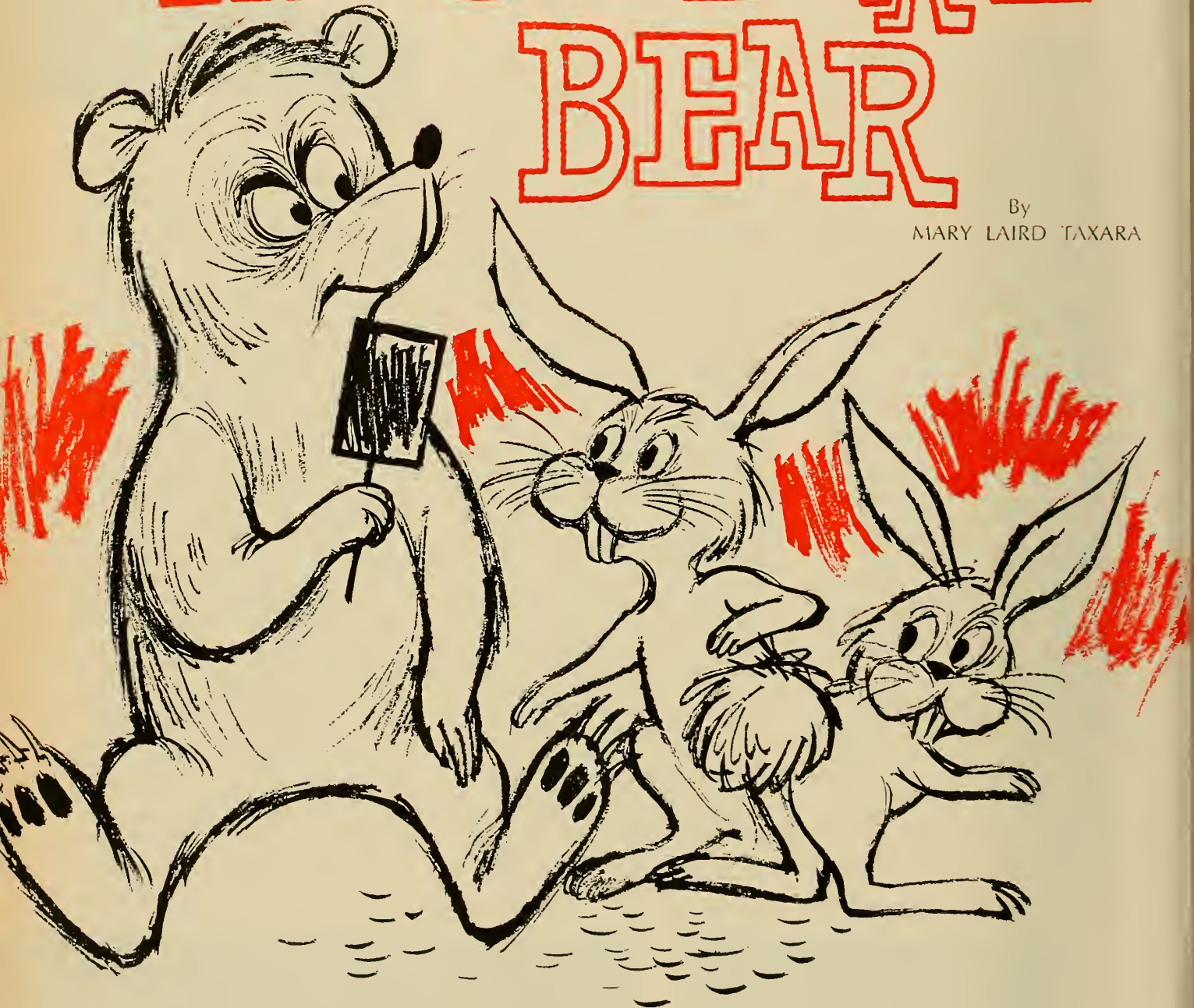
"I always hedge just a little on the high side in obtaining bids for materials. This inflation builds pews for the new church, and that makes everybody happy." □

Simplicity and beauty mark the exterior of the Desloge Church (left) and the Wesley sanctuary.



THE UNBEARABLE BEAR

By
MARY LAIRD TAXARA



"It is not a rabbit!" shouted Alfred. "It's an angry bear's face."

"DON'T scowl, Alfred," said Mama Bear to her grumbling cub. "Try to be a cheerful doer."

"But I don't want to return a cup of honey to Auntie Bear," said Alfred. "Why don't you do it?"

"Because I'm busy making your favorite honey cookies. Now kindly take this cheerfully." Alfred took the cup and started off, but he was scowling more than ever.

"Honestly, Alfred," sighed Mama.

"If you could only see your face . . ."

Alfred was scowling even more on the way back from Auntie Bear's house. Auntie had told him that grumpy bears are *unbearable*.

As he came to a clearing where humans sometimes had picnics, he saw a family of rabbits scouting for lettuce bits. When the mother rabbit saw Alfred's face, she called, "Hurry, children, it's time to go."

Then Alfred picked up something

shiny from the grass. It seemed to be a small picture frame. When he looked at it, he saw a scowling bear's face. Who'd ever make a picture of an angry bear? The idea was so funny that Alfred laughed.

The rabbit family looked at Alfred in surprise. Then they gathered around him.

"Aren't you Alfred," asked Father Rabbit politely, "the little bear that's known for never, never smiling?"

Alfred scowled. The baby rabbits scampered away.

"Yes, I'm Alfred. But I do, too, smile. In fact, look at this picture. It's the funniest thing I've ever seen."

Father Rabbit looked.

"I don't see anything to laugh about," he said indignantly. "It's a handsome jack rabbit's face."

"It is not!" shouted Alfred. "It's an angry bear's face." Alfred looked again and began to laugh. The little rabbits came back.

"We like you when you laugh," said the smallest one. "Want to play tag with us?"

"I'd be glad to," said Alfred. "But first, tell me whose face this is, a handsome jack rabbit's or an angry bear's."

"Ahem," interrupted Father Rabbit. "Er, to settle the matter, let's ask Judge Owl." So off they all went to knock at Judge Owl's tree. When the judge finally opened one sleepy eye, Alfred handed the picture up to him.

"Please tell us," said Alfred respect-

fully, "whose picture do you see?"

"My own," said Judge Owl, yawning. "It's a looking glass. Whoever looks sees himself." He handed it down to Alfred, turned around on his tree limb, and went back to sleep.

Scowling, Alfred looked at the picture again.

"Impossible!" declared Alfred. "I still see a scowling bear. And it would frighten anyone—even another bear." Alfred laughed until the tears rolled down his face.

"Look now, Alfred!" piped the littlest rabbit. "Look now!"

"Why," exclaimed Alfred, "now the bear is laughing!" He nodded slowly. "Now I begin to see. A looking glass shows anyone how he looks any time he looks." Alfred stopped in embarrassment. "And I have looked *unbearable*."

"But now you can see yourself as we see you," said the tiny rabbit.

Alfred grinned. "That should keep me *bearable*!" □



MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDING

Leap into the saddle
and gallop away.
Your steed seems to be
in fine fettle today.
His eye flashes fire;
he would neigh if he could.
He's a thoroughbred, made
of the very best wood.

He is prancing and eager;
he'll brook no restraint.
Don't let him leap fences;
he might scratch his paint.
Just keep a tight rein
as he covers the ground
To the galloping tune
of the merry-go-round.

—Lloyd C. Lewis

Gay Party Hats

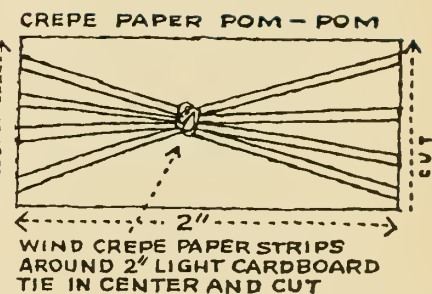
GET YOUR birthday party off to a good start by letting the guests make their own gay party hats. You can offer a prize for the best trimming design.

Show them how to fold a hat shape from a piece of colored construction paper, following the diagram shown.

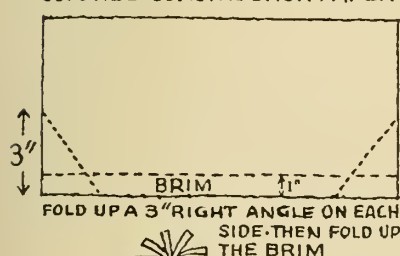
Let each choose and paste from a supply of trimmings you provide, such as: scraps of construction or aluminum paper for cutouts, old Christmas stickers, crayons for drawing designs, paper doilies, old magazines or seed catalogs from which to cut pictures, or premade crepe-paper pompons.

To make pompons. Wind a strip of crepe paper, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide by 2 feet long, around a 2-inch long piece of light cardboard several times, holding the ends tight. Tie the crepe paper in the center with a string, leaving an inch of string to use in pasting the pompon to the hat, cut the ends as shown, and fluff up the pompon.

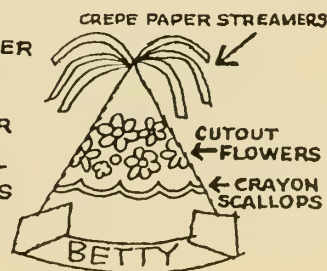
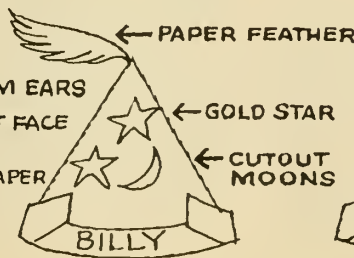
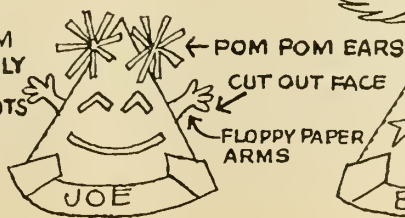
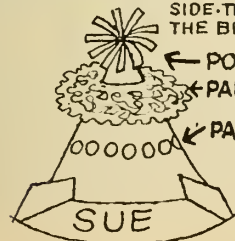
After completing his hat-trimming, each guest should print his name in crayon on the front brim, paste the hat into a cone shape, and toss it into a ring for prize judging. —CLARA KOCA



COLORED CONSTRUCTION PAPER



AFTER TRIMMING
FOLD INTO CONE
SHAPE AND PASTE
IN BACK





Letters

He Favors Union

CHARLES R. HARRISON
Seneca, S.C.

TOGETHER has had some good articles on the proposed union of The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches. The one by Bishop Roy Short [*The Future Is Upon Us*, January, page 16] is excellent. Methodist-EUB union certainly will be a great good. Our churches already have very similar orders of worship, doctrines, and activities. So there is nothing different, contrary, or contrasting.

'Only an Outer Covering'

MRS. WAYNE DELL
Carl Junction, Mo.

This Is My Country [February, page 31] is one of the most poignantly touching things you have ever printed. Whoever closes a door to such nobility diminishes only himself.

How long, oh, how long will we try God's patience in this thing? Hatred, bigotry, and violence compound injustices on both sides, offering no worthy or lasting solutions. This strife will never end until we recognize and accept the fact that color or lack of it is only the outer covering for the same inner needs and qualities that make up our common humanity.

We must all look deep into our own souls. If what we see there makes us ashamed, may God help us not to justify ourselves at our brother's expense.

Alma L. Wingood's example of triumphant love leaves me very humble. It offers the way out for all of us: "You can . . . keep hatred, bigotry, and prejudice out of your own life . . . recognize the needs . . . and use your power to see that they are met."

Does God Ask Recognition?

CHARLES F. MAHONEY, JR.
Lima, Pa.

In her letter *UNICEF Ignores God* [February, page 69], a TOGETHER reader states that God gets no recognition in UNICEF. I don't really believe that God asks for recognition in any of the wonders he performs.

Jesus says to the Christian, "Follow me, give me your life, and put your talents to the task of doing my busi-

ness." Hope and help for 800 million children or for a mere 8 children certainly does have a place in any Christian publication.

If, through UNICEF, an ounce of milk is provided for some unfortunate child, His thirst is quenched. If, through UNICEF, you have extended a helping and comforting hand, you have touched the hem of His garment.

Concern Is Christian

MRS. RAGON BLEIDT
Cadiz, Ky.

I have never written before, but I had to answer *UNICEF Ignores God*. Jesus taught, "As you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me." Concern and love for others is what being a Christian is all about.

My son, as Methodist Youth Fellowship president, started the first UNICEF project here years ago. It is very worthwhile, and God is not ignored.

What Is Godlike?

MRS. MARGE PARRY
Salt Lake City, Utah

I was shocked and saddened to read the letter of Mrs. R. Mitchel concerning UNICEF. As Christians we are taught that God is love. If helping 800 million needy children is not Godlike, then what is it?

A Debt to Chaplains

ROBERT C. CARTWRIGHT, *Pastor*
Waters Memorial Methodist Church
St. Leonard, Md.

Let me add a great amen to Col. Harry C. Archer's *As the Twig Is Bent* [February, page 24].

As a military retiree (3½ years U.S. Marine Corps, 16½ years U.S. Air Force), I agree with all he says. The young men who are "solid citizens" in the military service are those who have had the proper "twig bending" in their formative years.

Would that all churches could muster the enthusiastic, dedicated drive of a military chapel program that is on the move. No project is too great, no effort too demanding for them. It is a team effort that surprises ministers near bases and posts. It is Jesus Christ, not a particular denomination, at work.

Many young men have become much stronger in their faith because of the examples set by fellow GIs. I owe my being in the ministry to many people—and an important part to my relationships with military chaplains, Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, United Church.

Now my son is in the service. If we have "bent the twig" in the right direction, we need not worry.

Something Basic Missing

MRS. INEZ MOSS CATON
Walnut Grove, Minn.

If Colonel Archer's evaluation of our youth in *As the Twig Is Bent* is accepted as the ultimate in Judeo-Christian understanding, then somewhere along the way basic religious teaching has been nil.

What about "You shall not kill" and "Do good to those who hate you"?

Perhaps Col. Archer's 20 years of army experience have removed him so far from the basic moral teachings in our churches that he is too much at home in his Army field of unreality. It might just be that the drunken soldier is the best soldier; he feels he is not responsible for his act of killing after having been taught "Love your enemies." Too often it is the sincere and dedicated Christian who returns home in need of treatment in a mental institution.

She Has Other Fears

MRS. WILLARD STEWARD
Vista, Calif.

Will Colonel Archer understand me when I say that we reared our son and two daughters in The Methodist Church not to be soldiers? They are all conscientious objectors to military service, noncombatant as well as combatant. They have all participated in work camps serving underprivileged people. One daughter nonviolently faced violence as great as military enemies in Mississippi while a Freedom-School teacher. One served for two years in the Peace Corps in Africa.

If our children had gone into the military, it would not have been the vices which Colonel Archer mentioned that would have worried us. Rather it would have been the coarsening of character that inevitably must come when a person is taught to kill other human beings made in the image of God. We believe that our children have better served their God and their country than if they had done stints in the Army.

Col. Archer's statement that "in today's world these things are unfortunate but unavoidable" many of us cannot accept. We believe that war must be relegated to past history and that the present generation, enlightened by the spirit of God, must move to the con-

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nce upon a time...

... there was a Methodist layman who found himself at the Biblical threescore and ten, in robust health, and in possession of a carefully accumulated nest egg. One morning over bacon and



eggs, Layman and Wife agreed to put the whole sum into World Division annuities. This would bring guaranteed income so long as each should live and would at their deaths advance the Christian missions which they had supported all their lives.

Ever since their early life when Layman's company had stationed them in China, they had felt a deep love and concern for Chinese children. Almost with one voice, Layman and Wife exclaimed, "... a Sunday school in Peking's industrial district!" Their delight over their new annuitant project knew no bounds.



But the end of the fable is not so happy. In 1958 when Mrs. Layman followed her husband in death, mainland China was closed to the outside world. Massive organization of "communes" had begun and coerced mergers had reduced Peking's 65 Christian churches to four. The Board of Missions has not yet cut through the legal tangle to free Layman's gift for sorely needed education work elsewhere.



Moral: Appealing as they are to the Christian heart, specific annuitant projects are becoming more and more difficult to carry out in today's explosive world. The World Division strongly urges that you execute your annuity agreements so gift portions may be used "where the need is greatest" in one or more of the six major missions at work in 32 countries. You may specify Church Development, Education, Medicine, Social-Economic-Industrial Work, Agricultural Development, Literature and Communications or any combination of these.

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Dr. Ashton A. Almand, Treasurer, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10027

ference table of the United Nations if the human race is to continue.

'Integration' Temporary

HOWARD SPENCER

Tougaloo Southern Christian College
Tougaloo, Miss.

Your News article *See New Spirit in South* [January, page 10] implies that Galloway Memorial Methodist Church in Jackson, Miss., is now integrated. Actually, it is as segregated as ever.

It is true that Negroes were permitted to worship at Galloway Church during the four-day preaching mission conducted by Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles. But the Sunday following Bishop Kennedy's departure students from Tougaloo College were turned away again and have been ever since.

We have attempted to enter the church almost every Sunday since the preaching mission, only to be refused admission by "ushers" who say that this church "is not open to niggers." When we remind them that the Methodist Discipline (Paragraph 106.1) states that every Methodist church should be open to all, without regard to race, they say, "Not this church. We run this church."

Apparently they do.

People Must Speak Out

FLOYD MULKEY

Chicago, Ill.

I want to commend you for your excellent editorial, *Dissent: A Catalyst for Conscience* [January, page 15]. I certainly agree that "the right—in fact, the obligation—to dissent must be upheld."

In the nuclear age, making war is too terrible a business to be left to the politicians and generals. We the people must speak up and speak out our thoughts and opinions—no matter how much we differ with those in authority.

We proudly proclaim that we belong to the "free world." We loudly boast that we are fighting for "freedom." If we dare not dissent, where is our freedom?

Dissent is the mark of a strong and vigorous society. Lack of dissent is the mark of a decadent one.

Support From a Critic

E. E. GREENOUGH

Merced, Calif.

I have been critical of some of your past editorials, but I appreciated *Dissent: A Catalyst for Conscience*.

Recently I saw on television that a young man had been elected head of an American Legion post, and when the members found out that he was not in sympathy with the war in Viet Nam, they asked him out. They did not want a leader who opposed the war. It made

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"A brilliant presentation."—Rev. Russell Way, St. James Church, Cambridge. The latest book by W. F. Luder, (whose preceding book *One Pearl of Great Price* was called by the Christian Herald a "monumental novel") exposes the fallacy of the "new morality" and offers a positive alternative.

A NEW APPROACH TO SEX

Addressed to all Christians, a reply by a prominent Quaker to *Towards a Quaker View of Sex and Honest to God*. \$1.85 cloth, \$0.85 paperback. SPECIAL OFFER until May 1: \$0.95 cloth, \$0.35 paperback. At your bookshop. Farnsworth Books, 44 Farnsworth, Boston, Mass. 02210.

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me think of World War II days when half the ministers in our conference were opposed to all conscientious objectors and to the CO program even though The Methodist Church had pledged its support.

'Better Red Than Dead?'

MRS. J. V. FEEZELL
Kiowa, Kans.

I wish to protest vigorously your January Viewpoint. A "catalyst for conscience" indeed!

As the mother of a Marine, wife and sister of Navy veterans, and daughter of a World War I soldier, I know what a heartrending process it is to have our young men involved in a war "even against our wishes." But what are the alternatives? Better Red than dead?

I for one hope there has been a radical change of policy for the war in Viet Nam. But how dare you, in an official publication of our church, agree with Walter Lippmann that this has occurred without "serious, thorough, informing, and candid discussion and responsible debate in Washington"? Upon what authority do you make such observations?

Upon reading of the resolutions of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns [see *Uphold Right to Protest*, January, page 9], I was almost ready to withdraw my lifelong membership from The Methodist Church until I realized that this minority group certainly was not speaking for the entire denomination. Now I'm wondering again: how many more of you are there? I would cancel my TOGETHER subscription immediately, but then I'd never know what my church boards and magazine editors will come up with next, would I?

If Right, Why Not Left?

MRS. C. S. HINTON
Cupertino, Calif.

In the article *A Christian Conscience on World Affairs* [January, page 8], critics who oppose the admission of Communist China to the United Nations are referred to as "right wing." On the facing page in *Uphold Right to Protest*, you report that members of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns called for withdrawal of U.S. opposition to Communist China's admission to the UN. Why aren't these people referred to as "left wing"?

'Appalled' by Major's View

MRS. DOROTHY C. BAILEY
Lake Placid, Fla.

If I rightly understand the letter from Major W. L. McDonald in your February issue, I am appalled! [See 'Right or Wrong,' page 72.] He upholds the quotation, "My country, right or wrong," which to me is the archetypal statement

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of militarism and chauvinistic nationalism.

What do we think of parents who uphold their children in wrong? How much more love a parent exhibits who tries to correct them and urges them to change. So might it be with citizens who really love their country!

Foreign Aid in Perspective

HARRY W. SEAMANS, *Chief
Organization Liaison Division
Department of State
Washington, D.C.*

Robert H. Bolton has made a worthy attempt to put foreign aid in proper perspective in his article *Foreign Aid's Quiet Success* [January, page 62]. Much more remains to be told about foreign aid. I recall that the late President Kennedy once said that in spite of all the controversy, the truth was that foreign aid had accomplished what it was designed to accomplish.

I hope Mr. Bolton will devote further efforts to some of the major results of foreign aid and perhaps of the Food for Peace program, which deserves more recognition than it has had.

A Day for All Methodists

E. D. CONWAY, *Retired Minister
Jacksonville, Fla.*

I am in accord with Tom H. Matheny, author of *The Race-Relations Sunday That Wasn't* [February, page 28]. He is a man of courage.

Race-Relations Sunday should be observed in every pulpit of Methodism. Our Methodist colleges and universities are doing an excellent work in training and educating our Negro young people. I thank God and praise him for these achievements for leadership and life of our nation and church.

I also stand with Brother Matheny on the subject of freedom of the pulpit. Here is a place for fearless courage by both laymen and pastors.

What Is the Gospel?

GEORGE M. HORNE, *Ret. Minister
Baton Rouge, La.*

I am sure that Tom Matheny weighed his words carefully when he said, "I firmly believe that every minister should feel an obligation and a complete freedom to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to call attention to its implications regarding the practical issues of society."

But in the context of today's events, this can hardly have relevancy unless Mr. Matheny actually knows of some Methodist ministers who do not have that freedom or who do not have that conviction. His statement involves an implied indictment against good ministers who happen to disagree with him about what the will of God is. At least the burden of proof rests with Mr.

Thomas J.
Mullen



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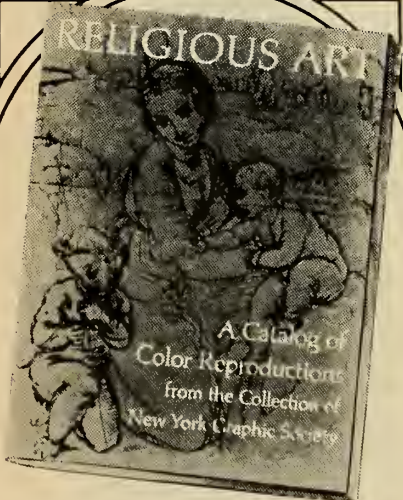
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Matheny to show that we have ministers who are afraid to preach the Gospel. I do not believe that he can prove it.

I know of no Methodist laymen who object to having the Gospel preached. But some laymen do object to a misuse of the pulpit to defame the Gospel. Some laymen and ministers do not agree with Mr. Matheny as to what that Gospel is.

'Pastors' Identified

HAROLD W. AMSTUTZ, *Pilot*
Methodist Congo Mission
Kitwe, Zambia

I enjoyed the article about our flight ministry here in the Congo. [See *Flying Taxist* for the Congo, January, page 1]. It has just two faults.

On the second page of the article, you failed to mention that the person handing up fuel for me on the aircraft is Dr. James E. Doty of Bishop Richard C. Raines's staff from Indianapolis, Ind. In the picture with Bishop John Wesley Shungu, looking over the flight plan, are not two pastors but Dr. Melvin C. Blake, of the Board of Missions staff, and district missionary Everett L. Woodcock.

I am sure this was just an oversight, but I feel I should mention it since these men play a most important part in the mission work here in Africa.

On 'True Americans'

EDBERT WAYNE MILLER
Osborne, Kans.

How should one take the letter in the January issue signed by Angus MacDonald and Foster Fergman [see *Letters*, page 68]? Not seriously, I hope.

I will not comment on the Ku-Klux Klan, on which many comments certainly can be made, but will only remind Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Fergman who the "true Americans" are. Certainly they are not those of us of European stock. What people lived off this great land for thousands of years before the Europeans forced them into prisons called reservations? The real and true Americans are the American Indians.

I might also remind the letter writers that all residents of North, South, and Central America are Americans. Actually, we ought to call ourselves "United Statesians."

Christ's Teachings for All

RUTH VAN GRAAFEILAND
Ormond Beach, Fla.

I was deeply troubled by the letter written by the two Klan leaders. I could not disagree more heartily.

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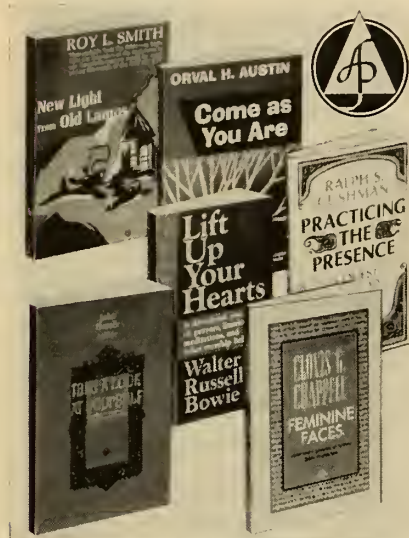
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Christian missionary, motivated by love, is in the spirit of Christ.

Doubtless the editors saw reason for including this letter in *TOGETHER*, but to me it seems too bad that it was given space.

Cause for Discouragement

RUTH E. CURTIS

Springfield, Mass.

If the letter from the Klansmen in the January issue is bonafide, list me as one white Protestant of North European stock who dislikes everything the Klans say and stand for.

The Lord must get discouraged with his children—both those who think like these letter writers and those of us who have failed in our witness to such an extent that such ideas can be expressed in the name of Christianity.

'New' Idea Old to Her

MRS. HAROLD W. ZART

Minneapolis, Minn.

In *Faith, Reason, and the Open Mind*, on page 43 of the February issue, Charles A. Inge says, "He [Bishop John A. T. Robinson] sees the irreducible reality of Christianity as the love of God in Jesus Christ. The truth of this religious reality manifests itself through our daily lives—lives lived as gracious neighbors to all our fellowmen."

This may be a "new" idea to some, but I believe that hundreds of dedicated ministers have been preaching just that for years and that many genuine Christian laymen have been living their faith. However, the avalanche of articles and discussions may serve to clarify the thinking of the millions of fence-sitters and cause them either to "get in" and start to really live for Christ or "drop out" and stop pretending to be Christian at all.

I agree that these are exciting days and that we Christians must be alert to every opportunity to serve our Lord.

Through 'Window' No View

O. C. DEAN, JR.

Tübingen, Germany

It was with great disappointment that I read *The Bible: Window to Modern Science* [December, 1965, page 26]. It is absolutely beyond my comprehension that you could seriously publish such an article in 1965.

Mr. Reid is attempting to resuscitate the dead horse of science vs religion debate, not in order to beat him again but to show that he should not have been beaten in the first place. There can be no doubt that science won the classical debate, that it now reigns supreme in today's understanding of the world, and that religion's debaters had to be satisfied with the position (valid, I believe) that the Bible is a record of faith never intended to be a book of science.

Mr. Reid, however, attempts to restore the Bible to a position of authority by giving it scientific validity, and in the process does violence to both the Bible and science. Far worse than the author's obvious lack of knowledge about the Bible is his farfetched distortion of passages to proof-text his points. If the Bible gains any status in this process, it pays a high price.

Most modern scientists would be hard pressed to see anything of their chosen field through the author's "windows" and would resent his using science in such an attempt to give the Bible authority. I hope it will be a long time before you slip as badly as you did in printing Reid's article.

Christianity: An Active Force

A. R. MEAD, State Director

National Retired Teachers Assn.

Gainesville, Fla.

The January *TOGETHER* has a strong appeal for me. In articles throughout the issue, the emphasis is upon Christianity as an active force for betterment of human living.

Unfortunately, too many professed Christians still cling to the idea that Christianity is solely what they call "spiritual"; others call it "pietistic"; and others call it an escape from responsibilities. Our times and our way of life demand, urgently demand, application of living concepts to life, not hiding them in the closet alone while we pray. I am glad that *TOGETHER* has this emphasis.

Disagrees With Critics

MARVIN NORTHCUTT, JR., Pastor

Lower Flathead Methodist Parish

St. Ignatius, Mont.

I was shocked at the negative responses you received on *The Church and the Arts: An Old Partnership Renewed* [November, 1965, page 14].

I do not normally write letters in response to your articles for I find that they are usually fairly good. But I must answer the negative comments about this article. I felt the article and the accompanying pictures were outstanding in every way. Thanks a lot!

She's on Our Side

MRS. T. L. KANE

Dover, Ohio

After reading some of the carping and shocked letters in the February issue, I want to line up on your side.

I don't want stereotyped *TOGETHER* covers. The greater the range of subject matter and treatment, the better.

As church librarian, I particularly appreciate the book reviews. *TV This Month* is a fine addition to the magazine. How about a column on hi-fi records?



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